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REVIEWS.

Five Years in Damascus: including an Account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of that City; with Travels and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Hauran. By the Rev. J. L. Porter, A.M. 2 vols. With Maps and Illustrations. Murray.

THE inroads of modern travel have not yet spoiled the romance of the old city of Damascus. What has been told of it to the nations of Western Europe has been enough to awaken interest, not to satisfy curiosity. Many have been the descriptions and narratives of passing travellers, but we possess few accounts by those who have resided in the place, and have known the life and manners of its people. Mr. Porter has had this advantage from his position as a Christian missionary stationed in the city, and travelling from thence into the surrounding regions. In these volumes he records his observations of Damascus and its people, giving also the report of his travels and researches in some of the most interesting and least known parts of Syria. Nor are his descriptions confined to the present condition of these places, with their topography and antiquities. Sketches of their history are given, and with strange interest do these connect modern and ancient times. Damascus is one of the oldest, and, in many respects, one of the most remarkable cities in the world. It was a city when Abraham left his home in Mesopotamia to journey westward to "the Land of Promise." The first notice of it in the Bible is in Genesis xiv. 15, where we read that Abraham, having overcome the kings who had pillaged Sodom and carried Lot away captive, "pursued them unto Hobab, which is on the left of Damascus." On which Mr. Porter observes, "this city must, even in that early age, have been a place of considerable importance, since it was thus selected to mark the position of another; and we also infer from this circumstance that it continued to prosper until the time of Moses, as otherwise he would not have referred to it at all." It has outlived generations of cities, and has been a witness of the most stirring events of full four thousand years. Before it came under the rule of the Osmanlis, who are its present rulers, it was for a time the capital of the vast empire of the Khalifs, and going back along the line of history, its annals are connected with Rome, Greece, Persia, Babylon, and Nineveh, by whose rulers it was successively conquered. Thus from remotest times Damascus has been connected with the history of great empires; and now, when the Moslem rule is declining, a new career of prosperity may be destined for a city whose beauty and riches have been proverbial for forty centuries.

"During the first period of about 1450 years Damascus was independent; after that time the Babylonian and Persian monarchs held it for a second period of 417 years. It was then subdued by Alexander, and remained under Grecian rule a third period of 268 years. The Romans now seized it, and it was absorbed in their vast empire during a fourth term of 699 years. The Saracens possessed it 441 years, after which it fell into the hands of the Tartar or Turkish tribes, who still retain it; but their power is rapidly declining. The throne established by Othman is even now tottering to its fall, and the sixth period of Damascus' history is fast drawing to a close.

"The most remarkable fact connected with the history of this city is, that it has not only existed but flourished under every change of dynasty and under every form of government: it may well be called the perennial city. Its station among the capitals of the world has been wonderfully uniform. The presence of royalty does not appear to have greatly advanced its internal welfare, nor does their removal seem to have induced decay or even decline. It has never rivalled, in the vastness of its extent nor in the gorgeousness of its structures, a Nineveh, a Babylon, or a Rome; but neither has it resembled them in the greatness of its fall nor in the desolation of its ruins. It has existed and prospered alike under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy, and Roman patronage; and it exists and prospers still, despite Turkish oppression and misrule. It is like an oasis amid the desolation of ancient Syria, for it has survived many generations of cities that have in succession risen up around it; and while they lie in ruins, it possesses all the freshness and vigour of youth."

A separate chapter is devoted to the history of Damascus during these various eras. Another describes the topography and antiquities of most note, and notices are given of the customs and manners, the occupations and amusements of the inhabitants, with statistical details on a variety of points about which accurate information could be obtained. Of the religion of the people a sad account is given. The mosques are said to be nearly three hundred in number, but many of them are in a state of dilapidation:—

"Muslims spend their time between indolence and indulgence, wandering with solemn step from the harim to the bath, and from the bath to the mosk. They are emphatically a praying people, and so are they a washing people; and there is just as much religion in their ablutions as there is in their devotions. Prayer with them is a simple performance. They pray as they eat, or as they sleep, or as they perform their toilet. These are all matters of course, parts of the daily routine, performed with the same care and with the same solemnity. The Moslem merchant will lie and cheat, and swear and pray, and lie and cheat, and swear again; and these are all like different scenes in the same drama, quite in their places. The feelings are not in the least shocked by thus mixing up things sacred and profane; and the simple reason is, there is no sacredness in their prayers. A Moslem emir or pasha will issue his orders for oppression and savage cruelty, and even murder; and when the Muezzin call is heard, will calmly spread his carpet, stroke his beard, and engage in the exercise of prayer with a serenity, and we may add with a solemnity, of countenance that is altogether wonderful; and when the performance is at an end he is ready to despatch the same routine of business over again."

Of the literature and education of the Moslems of Damascus an equally low estimate is given:—

"The schools, or colleges, as some poetical travellers would designate them, are in general large buildings which have been founded by the piety or pride of some great man, and allowed to fall to decay and ruin by his successors. If occupied at all, it is at most by a few scores of urchins squatting on the dirty ground, and *see-sawing* over a few leaves of the Koran, while they shout its verses in unison, led by a grey-bearded sheikh who sits knitting in the corner. Small libraries of manuscripts are attached to the more important of these schools; and here some rare and valuable works may often be found, though they are guarded with such extreme care that it is difficult to obtain access to them. Few of the Muslims advance beyond the first rudiments of education, yet there are some in the city who are pretty well acquainted with their own literature, and possess a considerable knowledge of the state of science in Europe. Among the latter, the first place must be given to Mahmud

Effendi, and Sheikh Abd Ullah el Haleby. These gentlemen are both deeply versed in the mysteries of their own language; and the former, in addition to his learning, is a man of refined manners and great liberality. Private libraries of any extent or value are extremely rare, but almost every old family has a number of manuscripts that are left as heir-looms to successive generations. A military school has lately been established in the city, but it is exclusively intended for those who purpose entering the Turkish army. The pupils receive instruction in drawing and engineering from European masters."

With the declining power of the Turks, the oppression formerly exercised towards the Christian population is passing away, and the Greeks, Armenians, and Franks, with the Jews, are rapidly gaining the chief part of the trade and the wealth of the city. Even among the Moslems old prejudices are being removed, which formed barriers to social intercourse with Christians. One of Mr. Porter's friends, is Othman Effendi, whose wife, the daughter of 'Aly Aga, one of Ibrahim Pasha's Secretaries of State, "has inherited enough of her father's spirit to set light value on the absurd laws that make Moslem ladies little better than prisoners." Of their house, at which the author has been a frequent guest, the following is part of the description:—

"The interior court, or *harim*, is a quadrangle from fifty to sixty yards square, with a tessellated pavement of marble; a large marble fountain stands in the centre, and several smaller ones of great beauty sparkle around, and give a delicious coolness to the air, even amid the heat of summer. Orange, lemon, and citron trees diffuse their fragrant odours; while gigantic flowering shrubs and rare exotics are disposed in tasteful groups, and climbing plants are trained on trellis-work overhead, affording grateful shade and pleasing variety. All the great reception rooms and chambers open on this court; the former are upon the first floor, and the latter above, having in front a narrow corridor closed in with glass. On the southern side is the *lewan*, or open alcove, similar in design to those found in the exterior courts, but loftier, and far more gorgeously decorated. The grand *salon* is a noble room. It is divided into two compartments by a beautiful arch richly ornamented with gilt fretwork. The floor of the first compartment is of the rarest marbles of every hue, arranged with admirable precision and pleasing variety in mathematical designs. In the centre is a fountain inlaid with mother-of-pearl and rare stones. The walls to the height of twenty feet are covered with mosaic in panels, in the centre of each of which is a slab of polished granite, porphyry, or finely-veined marble, with the exception of those in the upper tier, which are inscribed with sentences from the Koran, written in letters of gold. Several niches relieve the plainness of the walls; in their angles are slender columns of white marble with gilt capitals, and the arches above are richly sculptured in the Saracenic style. The upper part of the walls is painted in the Italian style. The ceiling is about thirty feet high, and delicately painted. The central ornaments and cornices are elaborately carved and gilt, and inlaid with innumerable little mirrors. The other and principal part of the room is raised about two feet. The walls and ceiling are similar in design to those described, except that the former are in part covered with a wainscoting, carved, gilt, and ornamented with mirrors. Around the three sides run the divans, covered with the richest purple satin, embroidered with gold, in chaste designs of flowers and scrolls, and having a deep gold fringe descending to the floor. Though none of the workmanship might bear minute examination, and some of those accustomed to the chaste and subdued style of decoration in Western Europe might pronounce this gaudy and even vulgar, yet all will admit that the general effect is exceedingly striking. It resembles, in fact, some scene in fairyland; and one feels, on beholding it, that the

glowing descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights' were not mere pictures of the fancy."

The population of Damascus, which the romancing Lamartine estimated at about 400,000, is stated by Mr. Porter to be under 109,000, of whom, in round numbers, 75,000 are Moslems, 15,000 strangers, soldiers, slaves, &c., 12,000 of the Greek Church and Greek Catholics, 4500 Jews, 500 Druses, and the remaining 2000 include Maronite, Nestorian, Armenian, Syrian, Catholic, Latin, and Protestant Christians. The Jews and Christians inhabit distinct quarters in the city.

"Damascus is a purely mercantile city, carrying on an extensive trade with the wandering tribes of Bedawin, who pasture their flocks on the vast plains of Arabia. It is also a great entrepôt for the rich wares of Persia and India, which are brought here by caravans from Bagdad. The annual Hajj pilgrimage is also a source of great profit to the city, for this is the place of rendezvous, and is thence called 'The Gate of Mecca.' The holy caravan reaches the city about the middle of the month Ramadan; and from this time till its departure, on the 15th of the following month, the streets and bazaars are crowded by thousands, eager alike to buy and sell. Every pilgrim endeavours to make his journey profitable by traffic, and this is not considered in any way to interfere with the sanctity of his character or the fervour of his devotions. It is a peculiar feature of Islam that traffic and religion, cheating and praying, lying and devotion, can be blended together without the least discord. The Persian hajj brings his gorgeous carpets, fine embroidery, rich shawls, inlaid caskets, and precious stones, to barter for Damascus silks and cotton fabrics. Damascus also exports a considerable quantity of silks and dried fruits to Egypt, Constantinople, and other parts of Turkey."

The other places to which Mr. Porter's book relates are scarcely inferior in interest to Damascus itself. There is Palmyra, the ancient Tadmor in the wilderness, afterwards the splendid capital of the unfortunate Queen Zenobia. The names of Lebanon and Hermon also are associated with memorable events both in secular and sacred history. The land of Bashan, too, so often referred to in the Scriptures, and immortalized in the songs of the Hebrew Psalmist, has been carefully explored and fully described by Mr. Porter. This part of the work has, on the whole, the greatest novelty, and contains important additions to the historical geography of Syria. The boundaries of the ancient kingdom of Bashan, whose kings fought with Israel in the days of the Judges, and whose oak forests supplied the timber for the ships of ancient Tyre, are now defined with a near approach to accuracy, and the position and extent of the provinces into which it was subsequently divided are laid down.

Mr. Porter has corrected errors, and contributed facts, by which our knowledge of these regions is much advanced. A comparison of the work with the last edition of Ritter's 'Palästina und Syrien,' which embodied all the information of previous travellers and topographers, will show how much the historical geography of Syria is indebted to Mr. Porter's labours. In the Jebel Haurân the same ground was often gone over that Burckhardt had previously traversed, but as that accurate and zealous explorer did not live to publish his own notes, meagre and obscure notices appear in his travels of places which are now, for the first time, fully and carefully described. In other directions Mr. Porter's diligence of travel and independence of judgment appear, as in regard to the identification of Busrah with the Bozrah of Moab,

combatting in this view the opinion of Reland and Robinson, as well as Ritter. Reland thinks that the present Busrah was neither the Bozrah of Moab nor that of Edom, but possibly Beeshterah, one of the cities of the Levites in the half-tribe of Manasseh. Dr. Robinson is shown evidently to be wrong in supposing that only one Bozrah is mentioned in Scripture. And the arguments by which Ritter endeavours to show that the name of Busrah has no connexion with biblical history, but only with the Roman city of Bostra, seem to us to be satisfactorily met by Mr. Porter. This part of the work is a good specimen of the author's accuracy as an explorer and learning as a scholar. To the antiquarian the account of the land of Bashan presents many points of unusual interest, especially in the remains of the deserted towns and villages, the houses of which are built of huge blocks of stone, "the only existing specimens of the ordinary dwellings of remote antiquity, and of the architecture of a race of giants that have been extinct for three thousand years."

While Mr. Porter's laborious explorations and learned researches stamp his work with permanent value, the personal narrative and the scenes of adventure, common to all books of Eastern travel, will render it attractive to the general reader. The commencement of the journey across the desert, to the Jebel Haurân, will show the mode in which the author usually made his expeditions:—

"A scene of strange confusion here presented itself to our eyes, while a Babel of wild and discordant sounds fell upon our ears. Camels, broken loose from their drivers, ran about in all directions, threatening to overturn everything in their course. Others, pinioned to the ground by the feet of the Arabs, growled savagely, with open mouths, as their loads were shifted or more firmly bound. The men, too, with shouts as loud and scarcely less deeply guttural, ran here and there to secure their animals and assist their companions; while some, with wild gestures, disputed about the proper mode of packing and securing their goods. All stragglers fell into the ranks, and a few that had tarried were seen urging their animals onward with increased speed to join their companions. At this place, in fact, the proper march commenced, and order must henceforth be kept—the safety of all, we were informed, depended upon this. We had now entered the domains of the Bedawin, who acknowledged no law but the sword, and no right but might. Our farther progress was liable to be disputed at any moment, and, consequently, every man now examined his musket and prepared for action. The attacks of the Bedawin, when made, are sudden and impetuous, and resistance, if effectual, must be prompt and decided. During the winter season this route is, in general, pretty secure, as the Arab tribes are far distant on the banks of the Euphrates; but the late war had drawn these daring marauders from their accustomed haunts, and they endured the rain and the cold in the hope of plunder. It was far from certain, therefore, whether our course would not be intercepted: but still, whatever might occur, we had sufficient confidence in the strength of our caravan."

After describing a hospitable feast prepared by an Arab sheikh, the following reflections occur on the primitive customs of these lands:—

"In this ancient kingdom of Bashan, the lapse of three thousand years has effected but little change in manners and customs. The hospitality of former days still remains—strangers could not then pass the house or tent of the patriarch without being constrained to go in and take food; and so it is even now. The wonderful expedition in the preparation of food, when the lamb, or kid, or fatted calf was brought and killed, and the bread was kneaded

and baked, and the dainties thus hastily prepared were set before the stranger—all this is illustrated here, at the present time, and in the ordinary incidents of every-day life. It seemed to me, as I wandered among these hills of Bashan, as if time had retrograded many long centuries. The strange stories I used to read in boyhood beside a mother's knee, in that ponderous old Bible, were now realized. These surely are the tents of Abraham; or these are the dwellings of Israel. These are the very salutations with which the patriarchs were wont to address strangers; and these the prayers for their safety and welfare when they took their departure. At whatever house we lodged a sheep or a lamb was killed for us, and fresh bread baked. It was sometimes near sunset when we reached the house; but in due time the dainties appeared. To whatever village we went among the Druses, pressing invitations were given us to stay and eat. Once and again has one seized my horse's bridle, and said, 'Will not my lord descend while his servants prepare a little food?' In one village our intercession saved a lamb which we saw hurried away to slaughter just as we entered the street, before even a word had been spoken. The chief had seen us approaching, and 'he made haste to kill a lamb;' fortunately we were in time to save it, by assuring its hospitable master that we could not remain. At another village where we took refuge from a passing shower, we observed the flour taken and the water poured upon it, to prepare unleavened cakes; and it was with much difficulty we could prevent the work from being prosecuted. These things may seem trifling; but they are trifles which strikingly illustrate Bible stories. It is by such incidents that Bible scenes are indelibly impressed on our memories, and the truthfulness of the narratives in God's Word irresistibly forced on our minds."

On one occasion a mirage of wonderful beauty was witnessed:—

"Eastward from Kabr es-Sit the plain is totally destitute of trees, and only a small part of it is cultivated. It is abundantly watered by the subterranean canals described in the last chapter. A beautiful mirage now relieved the bare monotony of the plain before us. The whole expanse seemed a vast lake, and along the base of the low range of Jebel el-Aswad was a clearly defined shore-line; while the lofty Tell Abu Yazid on our left appeared as an island. The camels a short distance in front seemed to be wading through the shallow water along the margin of the lake, and their shadows were reflected from its glassy surface. On advancing a little farther I was astonished to observe the camp of the Turkish army occupying the very same spot where I had seen it from Tell Abu Yazid some three months before. There were the white tents, and the smoke of the camp-fires wreathing overhead. I had understood that the soldiers had been removed to Damascus at the commencement of the rainy season; but we all distinctly saw the camp now, and were engaged in discussing the subject when a swell in the plain shut it out from our view. On ascending the rising ground we looked again for it, but it was nowhere to be seen: we examined if any unevenness of the ground could still hide it; but no! it had vanished! The whole had been an optical delusion, strange as it was beautiful."

Mr. Porter describes the picturesqueness of the ruins of the Haurân (Aramitis), compared with those of other districts of Syria:—

"Standing on the summit of the old castle above Palmyra, ruins more extensive, and buildings far more magnificent in their proportions, and far more gorgeous in their details, lay at my feet; from the crumbling walls of the Temple of the Sun at Bâalbek I saw prouder monuments of man's power, and more exquisite memorials of his genius; but never before in Syria had I gazed upon a scene which nature and art had so combined to beautify. It is not the savage grandeur of Libanus, with frowning cliffs and snow-capped summits; nor is it the flat and featureless Bâalbek, with its Cyclo-

pean walls and aerial columns, so seemingly out of place, that one is almost inclined to ask what brought them there; nor is it the blasted desolation of Palmyra, whose white ruins are strewn over a barren plain, without a lichen or a bramble to relieve the intense whiteness."

The volumes are illustrated with numerous engravings, from sketches by the author. The accompanying map of the region explored has been constructed entirely from personal observation, a sextant and compass being his constant companions on every excursion. The only portions of the map compiled from other authorities are those of the western slopes of Lebanon, and the Jordan and its lakes, the latter being taken from the accurate survey of Lieut. Lynch, of the United States exploring expedition. The changes and additions in this map will be apparent to every student of geography, and if their correctness is confirmed by future travellers, Mr. Porter's claim to original discovery and accurate research will give to him a distinguished name in the annals of Eastern travel.

The Poetical Works of George Herbert, illustrated from Drawings by Birket Foster, John Clayton, and H. N. Humphreys. Nisbet and Co.

The Traveller, a Poem, by Oliver Goldsmith, illustrated with etchings on steel by Birket Foster. Bogue.

Sabbath Bells, chimed by the Poets, illustrated from Drawings by Birket Foster. Bell and Daldy.

The Rhine, and its Picturesque Scenery, illustrated from Drawings by Birket Foster. Described by Henry Mayhew. Bogue.

The Keepsake for 1856, edited by Miss Power, illustrated from Drawings engraved under the superintendence of Mr. F. A. Heath. Bogue.

The Campaign in the Crimea. An Historical Sketch by George Brackenbury, illustrated from Drawings by William Simpson. Colnaghi and Co.

Among the genial indications of the coming Christmas and New Year, not the least welcome to the eye and heart are the pretty gold-embazoned folios, designed as tokens for the pleasant interchange of love and friendship. The season promises to be unusually rich this year in the production of illustrated Gift-Books. Not only are the works here brought together marvels of excellence in point of engraving, typography, and binding, but an improvement is observable in the choice of subjects. First in all these respects stands *The Poetical Works of George Herbert*. We have long desired to see the quaint, truthful, and pious strains of this fine old poet, contemporary with the youth of Milton, brought more prominently before the public; and here, with the aid of more than forty charming vignettes by Clayton and Birket Foster, interspersed with a profusion of ornamentation by Humphrey, they are enshrined in a casket of gilded embossing that will allure many to the preciousness of its contents. We should like to have seen old Izaak Walton's 'Life' of the poet prefixed to the volume, but as it would have added fifty pages or more, the publishers may think themselves excused. In taking leave of this most beautiful and sterling volume, we may well commend it in the poet's own words:—

"Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure;
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

Another beautiful volume, bound in the most richly chased cover that we remember to have seen, is Mr. Bogue's edition of Goldsmith's 'Traveller.' In this work the vignettes, thirty in number, by Birket Foster, are not from drawings transferred to wood, but etched by the designer himself on steel, and though necessarily coarser in execution, are characterised by greater truth and brilliancy. The *chiaroscuro*, if we may use the term unaffectedly, is more decided, and the effect is vigorous and highly artistic.

In the *Sabbath Bells* we have a tasteful selection of poems, from the works of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney, Coleridge, Southey, Longfellow, Bishop Mant, Cowper, and others, all distinguished by a sense of gentle piety and devotion, and again illustrated by the miniature pencil of Birket Foster. The principal novelty in this volume is the introduction of coloured illuminated initial letters, and the wood engravings printed in colours; we cannot, however, express our admiration of the latter. The admixture of line engraving and colour is not congenial, and the effect is wanting in brilliancy.

The next book on our list is a solid and amusing narrative of *The Rhine, and its Picturesque Scenery*, from Rotterdam to Mayence, with twenty beautiful steel engravings from drawings by Birket Foster, after the style of Turner's 'Rivers of France.' Though not quite so sparkling in atmospheric effects and variety of perspective as the productions of that great master of landscape-painting, they are, perhaps, the nearest approach to them of any living artist, and the accompanying letter-press is written with a nice regard to descriptive and historical detail. The embossed ornamental cover of the volume displays the armorial bearings of the states through which the river flows.

The Keepsake, the last surviving memorial of the Rosa-Matilda school, is distinguished by the same captivating admixture of sentimentality and beauty as heretofore, and the same curious medley of mediocrity and talent. The Duchess of Argyll, Helen, the Viscountess Sydney, and Lady Abercrombie, constitute the gems of the portrait gallery, and very charming presentments they are. As an example of poetry most to our taste, we quote the pretty response of Alfred Alaric Watts to the request made to him for a contribution:—

"THE MITE OF A MINSTREL."

"The Fairies, we're told, before modern intrusions
Had driven those good little folks from the earth,
Were wont to bestow rich and rare contributions
To give grace to a bridal, or hopes to a birth.
The gifts which they left undisposed of, behind them,
In the hands of a few happy mortals they placed;
Some of whom, faithful almoners, here have enshrined them
In these offerings of friendship, love, genius, and taste."

"But I, whom they did not invite to the party
Which they gave P.P.C., when their bounties were shared,
Have luckily nothing to offer but hearty
Expressions of kindly good-will and regard;
My lot is the lot of the Fairy who lingers
To cloud the bright prospect that else were divine,
I have ruffled a leaf which some happier fingers
Might have graced with a gift not unworthy the shrine."

Mr. Brackenbury's Historical Sketch of *The Campaign of the Crimea* is rather a silly description of forty very clever and spirited landscapes, illustrative of scenes and events of the war, admirably lithographed from drawings made by William Simpson on the spot. They form the best pictorial history of the campaign that has appeared, and are highly deserving a place among the Christmas Gift-Books.

The House of Elmore. A Family History. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Malvern; or, the Three Marriages. By Mrs. Hubback. 3 vols. Skeet.

The White Chief. A Legend of Northern Mexico. By Captain Mayne Reid. 3 vols. Bogue.

Zaidee. A Romance. By Margaret Oliphant. 3 vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

Nonpareil House; or, the Fortunes of Julian Mountjoy. By Henry Curling. 3 vols. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Family Secrets. Hope and Co.

THE story of the House of Elmore is a sad record of the misfortunes of a family through the misconduct of some of its members. While scenes of crime are described with painful distinctness, vice is made to appear base in itself, and unhappy in its end, even though gilded for a time by outward prosperity. The different characters, especially the passionate father, the irresolute Luke, the erring and wretched Agnes, and the villain Vaudon, the evil genius of the house, are powerfully drawn. The story is too complex for us to attempt to give any short outline of it, but it will be read with unflagging interest. The following passage refers to one of the darkest incidents in the tale, where Agnes Elmore leaves Paul, her devoted and betrothed lover, to become the mistress of a royal duke. The story is told by Luke Elmore, who thus describes an interview with Paul Redwin, the affianced of his sister:—

"It was late when I took my leave of Celia and Mrs. Silvernot. I had not ridden to Wharby House, having purposed to enjoy a moonlight walk on my return, with the cool winds blowing from the sea.

"I had set foot on the country road, when a hoarse, suffocating voice greeted me.

"'Elmore!'

"I turned, and, from the shade of an adjacent clump of trees, came forth Paul Redwin.

"'Paul!—what is the matter?—what has happened?'

"I could divine the cause, but the very suddenness of his appearance extorted the unnecessary queries.

"'I have been waiting for you by those trees some hours.'

"'You have quarrelled with Agnes?'

"'A quarrel not of my own seeking, God knows,' he said. 'Luke, I have waited for you to ask if you, her brother, have no power to stop this project? I ask for her own sake, not for mine, now—not for mine!'

"I looked into his face. The moonlight revealed features sternly set, over which the old air of haughtiness was fluttering.

"'If you have failed, how can I succeed?'

"'You are her brother,' he answered; 'there is some tie between you—some natural love—but I am an idler—one fitted to amuse her dull hours—nothing more.'

"'You misjudge yourself!'

"'Not I,' he said; 'if a woman love the man detained for her husband, she will give consideration to his wishes, and sacrifice her dearest hopes to please him. I have had right on my side; I have had all that makes right; I have sought to demonstrate all to her; I have knelt at her feet—grovelled before her in the dust to turn her from her fallacies.'

"'And she gives no ear?'

"'She set me at defiance; she spoke of her right to command my actions,' cried Paul, excitedly; 'she boasted of these new-found friends, the pleasures she had enjoyed with them, the anticipations she had in her intended London visit; she spoke and thought of everything but the feelings of that heart she has cast aside for ever.'

"Oh!—not that, Redwin—it has not ended like that?"

"It has ended—it is for ever broken off," he said—"the long years of love, where I have worshipped her, and would have died for her. If she had asked me, this accursed night to sacrifice my life for hers, I would have done it, Luke, without a murmur. But it was not in my nature—I loved her too well—her name, her future place as my own wife—to say, 'Go with your friends; go as if you were unfettered by the tie of an engagement; go with that heartless crew of fashionables; mix with their world, follow their pursuits, and forget me till you return.'"

MALVERN is a tale of gentler tone, the scene of which is laid at one of those water-cure establishments, which are noted as places of matrimonial as well as hygienic events. There are excellent descriptions of the scenery and walks in the neighbourhood, and the variety of characters, with the flirtations and amusements likely to form a large part of the history of a season at such a place. The book has, however, higher aims; and no one will read the description of Mrs. Newton and others without profit. The unmasking of the pretended rich uncle from Australia is an amusing and clever episode. The story altogether is well written, and will be usefully read by other than hydropathic patients. Sometimes Mrs. Newton may seem to sermonize too much; but there is truth and wisdom in her lectures, as when she is giving counsel to a light-hearted young heiress in whom she felt interested:—

"You have a good deal dependent on you, I fancy, Miss Denys; property always brings duties: suppose you were to study them."

"Property! ah! that means leases and rents, and rates and crops: I know nothing at all about such things," replied Flora, with a bewildered air.

"So I should imagine, from the way you class them; would it not be a good thing if you were to try and learn a little about some of these subjects, and the duties they entail?"

"I have nobody to teach me now; and I am not of age yet; perhaps by and bye, if I can find an instructor, I may take pains and learn what is necessary."

"Mrs. Newton was silent for a minute, then said: 'Why not now?'"

"I am too anxious, too unsettled, too uneasy; when I know a little more about what will come next, I may try and give my attention to your suggestion."

"It would help you to be patient, Miss Denys," said her friend.

"I am listening for the future, Mrs. Newton—listening as one does when one fancies music in the distance, catching a note here and there, but too uncertainly to ascertain the tune. But it is coming nearer, and then we shall hear it all."

"But if we only listen! We cannot stop the music as it goes by; and when it has passed, what is left to sweeten the memory if we stood idly waiting its approach?"

"Flora did not answer."

"Or suppose we mistake altogether," continued Mrs. Newton, "and find that the music we imagined, perhaps, to be a wedding march, prove itself after all a funeral dirge."

"Oh, Mrs. Newton! what a mournful idea."

"Life, my dear, is full of dirges. Only, when we are young, we do not readily know the notes. It is not till we have bought knowledge by experience, that we recognise the deep under-tone of sorrow and suffering which runs through the whole of merely worldly things. In earthly music, the minor tones are more in number than the major; and so, even in our sweetest pleasures here, sadness must mix itself, and at last prevail."

"And what is your comfort then, your support, if even pleasure is sad?"

"The fact that all is transitory, that pain as well as pleasure is passing away, and that the use

we have made of each, is all that remains for hereafter."

In the *White Chief*, Captain Mayne Reid has given to a wild Indian legend the form of a regular tale; the scenes, incidents, and characters of which are out of the common course of works of fiction. The main plot of the story winds up with the terrible vengeance taken by an Indian chief upon the Spanish settlement of San Ildefonso, for cruelties perpetrated on the wife and daughter of a white man, his guest and friend. In Cooper's novels there is nothing better than some portions of this tale descriptive of American scenery and of Indian character. The closing paragraph will indicate the tenor of the story:—

"For some moments the *White Chief* regarded the shapeless masses that lay below. He saw that they moved not. Men and horses were all dead—crushed, bruised, and shattered—a hideous sight to behold!"

"A deep sigh escaped him, as though some weight had been lifted from his heart, and, turning around, he muttered to his friend:—

"Don Juan! I have kept my oath—she is avenged!"

"The setting sun saw that long line of Indian warriors filing from the valley, and heading for the plain of the Llano Estacado. But they went not as they had come. They returned to their country laden with the plunder of San Ildefonso—to them the legitimate spoils of war."

"The *cibolero* still rode at their head, and Don Juan the *ranchero* was by his side. The fearful scenes through which they had just passed, shadowed the brows of both; but these shadows became lighter as they dwelt on the prospect before them. Each looked forward to a happy greeting at the end of his journey."

"Carlos did not remain long among his Indian friends. Loaded with the treasure they had promised, he proceeded farther east, and established a plantation upon the Red River of Louisiana. Here, in the company of his beautiful wife, his sister, Don Juan, and some of his old servants, he led in after years a life of peace and prosperity."

"Now and then he made hunting excursions into the country of his old friends the *Wacoos*—who were ever glad to see him again, and still hailed him as their chief."

"Of San Ildefonso there is no more heard since that time. No settlement was ever after made in that beautiful valley. The *Taguons*—released from the bondage which the *padres* had woven around them—were but too glad to give up the half-civilisation they had been taught. Some of them sought other settlements, but most returned to their old habits, and once more became hunters of the plains."

"Perhaps the fate of San Ildefonso might have attracted more attention in other times; but it occurred at a peculiar period in Spanish-American history. Just then the Spanish power, all over the American continent, was hastening to its decline; and the fall of San Ildefonso was but one episode among many of a character equally dramatic. Near the same time fell *Gran Quivira*, *Abo*, *Chilili*, and hundreds of other settlements of note. Each has its story—each its red romance—perhaps far more interesting than that we have here recorded."

"Chance alone guided our steps to the fair valley of San Ildefonso,—chance threw in our way one who remembered its legend—the legend of the *White Chief*."

ZAIDE has already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and will now prove welcome to many additional readers. It is not a Greek romance, as the name at first might suggest, but a good English story; the purport of which, and the style of the heroine, may be gathered from these two brief extracts:—

"Not such a little personage either,—half a head taller than Aunt Vivian, with long arms, long fingers, long hair, and eyes that shine in fitful brightness—eyes that, shadowed by Zaidée's long eye-lashes, are stars never visible to strangers. Percy says these same eyes are liable to eclipse any day if but a new book arrives, or an old one is discovered; but Zaidée, with her odd name, her odd ways, and her girlish romance, has a supreme contempt for Percy's wickedness. A poor little portionless orphan cousin, heretofore the plaything, now the wonder and favourite of the house, endowed with every nickname into which her own very unusual name can be twisted, indulged in most of her caprices, laughed at for her romantic fancies, and permitted more of her own way than is perhaps quite good for her, Zaidée, in her character as pet, never comes at all in Sophy's way."

"The two advanced solemnly and silently, like leaders of a procession; Philip holding firm in his own Zaidée's hand, and Zaidée rendering a passive helpless obedience to his guidance, which was very strange to see."

"Mother!" said Philip Vivian, as he approached; and his voice was strange and harsh, and the word came with so much difficulty that he had to repeat it again. "Mother, a great change has befallen us all. I can say nothing to prepare you—I can only beg you to summon all your courage. Zaidée has had good cause for her grief—poor little Zay! But I am young, and so is Percy; we will set out on the world together," continued poor Philip, almost hysterically, and with glistening eyes. "Mother, you do not understand me; you cannot understand me, I know; but I—I am no longer heir of the Grange."

"Mrs. Vivian rose from her seat with a low cry. Her daughters clustered hurriedly about her; Margaret for the moment forgetting that there was such a person as Mr. Powis, who for his part stood at a little distance, with more curiosity than he cared to show."

"It is Zaidée," said Philip, hastily. "All these years, while I have had the credit of it, she has been the true heir of the Grange. Here is the will. But it is my office to see her righted now."

The story ends, as may be anticipated from the foregoing passages, in the orthodox way:—

"You little Zaidée, who once would have married Philip, will you do it now?—or will you send me to India again to throw my life away?"

"How Philip pleaded further, there is no record,—but Philip neither threw his life away nor went to India. Philip Vivian of Castle Vivian and of Briarford, the head of the house, has the most beautiful wife in all Cheshire, not even excepting Mrs. Bernard Morton; and after all the grief and sacrifice and suffering it has occasioned, this will of Grandfather Vivian has become the most harmless piece of paper in the world, and it is not of the slightest importance to any creature which of these two claimants is the true heir of the Grange."

THE story of '*Nonpareil House*' is framed, as the author tells us, in order "to portray the character of a high-minded cavalier, and to draw a sketch of country life in England during the great rebellion." The book is written with spirit, and generally with truth and fairness; and will therefore convey some correct notions of English life and history at this period to those who are not likely to read more formal narratives. Mr. Curling might have been more happy in the choice of the names of the personages of his story, such as Lady Nonpareil and Squire Numskull. The events of the civil war have been so frequently described by writers of fiction that little novelty is to be looked for now; and the best feature in Mr. Curling's book is the prominence given to the social life and usages of our ancestors in the seventeenth century. Yet

even as to this, a reader, who is seeking for information as well as entertainment, will gather more from some of the old memoirs and biographies of the time, and those parts of the present work are the most interesting in which such authorities are most closely followed. The memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, for instance, by his wife, Lucy Hutchinson, contain most graphic sketches of English life, proving at the same time that high-minded chivalry, and the noblest virtues, were as conspicuously displayed by country gentlemen on the side of the Parliament as well as among the cavaliers.

THE last book on the present list, 'Family Secrets,' is a story professing to be founded on facts, and illustrates the injustice of the existing laws relating to women, in regard to their right over their own property and the custody of their children, in case of separation from their husbands. A contrast is drawn between our laws and those of France in this respect, of course to the advantage of our neighbours. The story, which discovers a sad picture of wrong and suffering, is well written, and may add to strengthen that public opinion, which alone can lead to desirable amendments of the law in points at present open to censure.

The Life of Henry Fielding. With Notices of his Writings, his Times, and his Contemporaries. By Frederick Lawrence, of the Middle Temple. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

SEVERAL biographies of Fielding have at various times appeared, from that of Murphy, prefixed to the collected edition of his works in 1762, to that of Roscoe in 1840, including a life by Sir Walter Scott, contributed to Ballantyne's Novelist's Library. Making use of these different memoirs, and gathering materials also from the newspapers and magazines of the period, and from such works as Nichol's 'Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' Mr. Lawrence has written a new and most complete biography, with notices of Fielding's writings and of his contemporaries. The work is somewhat on the plan of Mr. Forster's 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith,' with which it may be well joined as a companion volume, the two memoirs presenting many striking sketches of London life during the last century. Henry Fielding was born in 1707, the eldest son of General Fielding, a cadet of the house of the Earls of Denbigh, who can trace their origin to the Counts of Hapsburg. Referring to this illustrious lineage, Gibbon, in his miscellaneous works, has said, "The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren in England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones'—that exquisite picture of humour and manners—will outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the Imperial eagle of Austria." Henry Fielding's education commenced at home, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, under his father's domestic chaplain, Mr. Olive, said to be the original of Parson Trulliber. He thence went to Eton, where George Lyttleton, William Pitt, Henry Fox, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and others afterwards celebrated, were his schoolfellows. From Eton he was removed to Leyden, to study civil law before keeping his terms for the bar. After being two years at the University, his father, who had married a second time, was unable to continue the allowance of 200*l.*, and young Fielding returned to London, and began life

on his own resources. Literature was the only field open to him, and his first efforts were in the drama. *Love in Several Masques*, commenced at Leyden, and finished in 1727, was brought out in 1728, when the author had not attained his twenty-first year. It had the disadvantage of succeeding *The Provoked Husband*, which had sustained an unwonted popularity, very much owing to the acting of Mrs. Oldfield. Although during her performance of *Lady Townley*, Mrs. Oldfield had contracted an indisposition brought on by fatigue and excitement, she consented to take one of the chief parts in the new comedy, and thus secured for it a moderate success. To Wilks and Colley Cibber the young author was also much indebted, and through them he was also introduced to the society of the green-room of Drury Lane. His first profession as a dramatic writer was thus fixed. In some of his early plays, now forgotten, occur admirable passages and capital characters. Such is *Justice Squeezum*, in *The Coffee-House Politician*, a boldly drawn sketch of a variety of the judicial character now long since extinct, and in the removal of which Fielding himself, in his capacity of magistrate, bore no inconsiderable share:—

"There are some scenes in this comedy which are written in Fielding's happiest manner. The conferences between *Politick* (the coffee-house politician) and his friend *Dabble*, upon the subject of foreign affairs, are extremely diverting, particularly when the geographical ignorance imputed to both these worthies is taken into consideration, *ex. gr.*: "*Dabble*. 'I would fain ask one question, Mr. *Politick*; pray, how large do you take Tuscany to be?'"

"*Politick*. 'How large do you take Tuscany to be—let me see—Tuscany, ay; how large do I take it to be—hum—*Faithful*! bring some more tobacco. How large do I take it to be—why, truly, I take it to be as large as the kingdom of France—or something larger."

"*Dabble*. 'As large as the kingdom of France—you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a cannon. Why, Tuscany, sir, is only a town; a garrison to be admitted into Tuscany, that is, into the town of Tuscany.'

"Many other examples of pointed satire might be selected from this play; as the following terse sentence, which is put into the mouth of the drunken *Sotmore*:—"We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen." And Mr. *Worthy*, the moralist of the comedy, musing on his friend *Politick*'s eccentricities, is made to observe:—"The greatest part of mankind labour under one delusion or other; and Don Quixote differed from the rest, not in madness, but in the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician are all Quixotes in their several ways." *Si sic omnia*—if Fielding had written always thus, his plays would not now lie neglected on the library shelf."

In the tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, brought out in 1730, Fielding made a happy hit in the style of burlesque, and this is one of the few of his dramatic works which still remain in popular favour. In *The Mock Doctor* and *The Miser*, successful adaptations of Molière's great pieces were made. The success of these plays proves how wanton and needless it was in the authors of that age to have recourse to coarseness and indecency to secure popular favour for their pieces. *The Miser* still retains its place on the stage, and last year was selected by Mr. Phelps for his benefit at Sadler's Wells:—

"Whatever its attractions on the stage, the reader, however, cannot fail to admire the genuine

humour and nervous dialogue of this famous version of Molière's famous comedy. It affords an emphatic proof of Fielding's good taste and just sense of propriety, when his better genius had fair play. *The Mock Doctor* and *The Miser* exhibit a marked improvement in Fielding's dramatic style. Had he ceased to write altogether after the production of the latter comedy, his name would be always remembered in connexion with the literature of the stage. He was as yet, be it observed, not six-and-twenty, and the life of dissipation into which he had plunged left him little time or inclination for study, reflection, or mental improvement. Happy indeed would it have been for him had it been otherwise! But in the midst of his wild career he had indited scenes which posterity has thought worthy of preservation. Though to gratify the taste of a licentious age he had supplied the stage with abundance of immoral dialogue, he had at length produced a dramatic work which the most rigid moralist would exempt from the verdict of general censure to which his early literary efforts are liable. True it is that *The Miser* was only a translation, — or at best an adaptation to the English stage of a foreign work, — but is not a good copy of a good picture preferable to an indifferent original?"

Among the miscellaneous illustrations of the social usages of that time, Mr. Lawrence gives some notices of the London footmen, in reference to the model flunkey, in the farce of *The Intriguing Chambermaid*:—

"They enjoyed, to the great annoyance of managers, free access to the theatre, where they filled the upper-gallery, from which they excluded all other visitors. Their behaviour in this exalted position was not characterised by forbearance or modesty, and both actors and authors dreaded their opposition. So intolerable did their presence at length become, that, in 1737, Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, deprived them of their privilege. This led to a serious riot. The footmen of London assembled in vast numbers; broke open the doors of the theatre; fought their way into the house, and prevented the reading of a proclamation by the magistrate, Colonel de Veil. Several of the ring-leaders were, upon this occasion, taken and committed to Newgate; many more were wounded; whilst the spectators (amongst whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales) were much terrified.

"The offensive conduct of the London footmen at the theatres is thus noticed in 'The Weekly Register' of March 25, 1732:—"The theatre should be esteemed the centre of politeness and good manners; yet numbers of them every evening are lolling over the boxes, while they keep places for their masters, with their hats on; play over their airs, take snuff, laugh aloud, adjust their *cocks' combs*, or hold dialogues with their brethren from one side of the house to the other."

Of the vicissitudes of Fielding's life, when a dramatist, a curious record is preserved in a satire, published in 1735:—

"F—g, who yesterday appeared so rough,
Clad in coarse frieze, and plastered down with snuff,
See how his instant gaudy trappings shine!
What playhouse bard was ever seen so fine?
But this not from his humour flows, you'll say,
But mere necessity—for last night lay
In pawn the velvet which he wears to-day."

In the year in which these lines were written a temporary change in his career was made by his marriage. On his first return from Leyden he had been disappointed in his first love for a cousin, whose personal appearance is said to have supplied the portrait of Sophia Western. This disappointment may have partly led to the reckless dissipation of the following years. But in 1735 he formed a new attachment, and in his 27th year married Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury. With her portion of 1500*l.*, which to Fielding, then, seemed a large sum, he set up as a country squire in Dorsetshire, where he had lately inherited a small estate from his mother.

His vanity, extravagance, and folly soon put an end to this establishment:—

"Squire Fielding soon began to create a sensation in the county. His mansion was the scene of profuse hospitality and riotous enjoyment. His horses and hounds were numbered amongst the glories of the neighbourhood. His equipage outvied in splendour and elegance the carriages of his richer neighbours, and the yellow liveries of his serving-men were long held in remembrance. The selection of such a colour was characteristic of Fielding's thoughtless extravagance. Yellow plush, however splendid, proved by no means an economical article of attire for a careless lackey. Directly the glories of a suit were dimmed or soiled, it was thrown aside; for the rustic flunkies considered it their duty to keep up the Squire's character by the lustre of their personal appearance. Such was Fielding's household! It may be asked how it was that Mrs. Fielding—the Salisbury beauty—did not, with a woman's quick sense of propriety, interfere to check this ridiculous extravagance. Alas! it is to be feared that, from vanity or weakness, she abetted him in his follies, or, at the most, confined herself to a timid remonstrance, without venturing on a firm expostulation. Poor girl! her fortune was soon dissipated to the winds."

Within two or three years he again appears in London as author, and for a time as theatrical manager, with greater vicissitudes of fortune than ever. At the age of thirty he commenced seriously to study law. Of his early legal career, and his going on the Western Circuit, in 1740, the biographer has collected some interesting notices. The greatest advantage of this part of his professional life was the opportunity of studying character, of which ample use was made afterwards in his novels. In 1742 the first of these, 'Joseph Andrews,' appeared; two years after, Richardson's 'Pamela.' The chapter on the characteristics of these two works, and their relations to each other, is one of the best in the volume. The charge against Fielding of intending to make light either of morality or religion is sufficiently refuted, and it is shown that his only design was to ridicule the conventional and tinsel respectability which Richardson presented for sterling virtue:—

"The grand characteristic of Fielding's first novel is the singular healthiness of its tone. Though some of its pages are not unexceptionable in point of taste and tendency, they are preferable to the sickly sentiment and trite morality of Richardson. Whilst the one writer is all stilts and buckram, the other is full of health, vigour, and animal spirits. 'How charming! how wholesome is Fielding!' says Coleridge; 'to take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room, heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' No attachment to long-sanctioned worldly propensities, no comfortable and convenient prejudices, no conventional interpretations of human motives, prevented his recognition of what was radically right, just, and true. Though Parson Adams is a perfect Christian, his conduct is not at all times consistent with clerical etiquette. When insulted, he does not rely on the protection of his gown, but, clenching his brawny fist, tells his tormentor 'he has thrashed many a better man.' Though as gentle as a lamb, he is at all times ready to wield his cudgel in defence of innocence. He is no less remarkable, in fact, for physical than moral courage, carrying both to an extremity which is calculated to shock many decent worldly minds. 'Child,' he says to Joseph, when his 'condescension' to a footman has provoked surprise, 'I should be ashamed of my cloth if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who think otherwise can profess themselves followers of Him who made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich.'"

Fielding's wife shared with him the hardships of his life. Sometimes, we are told, they lived in decent lodgings in tolerable comfort, sometimes in a garret without necessities. Her death, in 1743, was a terrible blow to Fielding. His second marriage, to his wife's former servant, although ridiculed much, was chiefly a result of his previous union. His witty relative, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, made jokes about his "rapture with his cook," but he had thorough contempt for conventional prejudices in matters of duty or affection:—

"The sensible companion and tender protector of the motherless child, the attentive nurse, and the faithful friend, could neither have been degraded in his eyes by the performance of menial offices, nor elevated by worldly station. But in this second union, also, it cannot escape observation that the bereaved husband gave a fresh manifestation of the deep affection which he felt for his departed wife. The hand which he now grasped at the altar, had helped to wipe away the death-dew from the brow of that 'perfect woman.' She whom he had now taken for a helpmate, had been by his side and sustained him in the hour of his bitterest agony. With her he had watched in the chamber of death, when that grim visitant, clothed in his worst terrors, robbed him of his angel-wife. Her tears had mingled with his; he had heard her, amidst convulsive sobs, proclaim the kindness, meekness, affection, purity, of her beloved mistress. And when he, bowed to the earth, had yielded up his soul to the pangs of frenzied sorrow, she had cheered and comforted him; had talked with him, in tones he could never forget, of the 'mutually regretted' dead; had ordered his sad household with delicate attention; and, by constant acts of womanly care and kindness, taught his children to regard her as a second mother."

Fielding's second wife survived him nearly half a century, and died at Canterbury in 1802. From the time of his second marriage his life was one of greater quietness and regularity, and his appointment as a justice of peace for London and Westminster in 1748, through the influence of his schoolfellow and friend, George Lyttleton, gave him the means of honourable and useful occupation. The story of his career as a paid Middlesex magistrate, supplies striking views of the social condition and progress of London last century. In the letters of Horace Walpole, as in the more formal records of the time, many passages occur which give a fearful picture of the boldness of crime in and around the metropolis. "It is shocking," says Walpole, "to see what a shambles this country is grown: seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one were going to battle." He says, elsewhere, that the officers of justice were the worst criminals. The successful exertions of Fielding to put an end to this state of matters form a high claim to public gratitude for his services as a citizen and a magistrate.

In 1751 Fielding published 'An Inquiry into the Cause of the late Increase of Robberies; with some Proposals for Remedying the Growing Evil;' a treatise which throws curious light on the state of the metropolis and of the country a century ago. His denunciation of gin-drinking, which he describes as "a new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors," might satisfy the most enthusiastic teetotallers of the present day. Of the novelist's latest works, and especially his 'Amelia,' which appeared in 1751, Mr. Lawrence gives very interesting and acceptable

notices. The account of the political and personal squabbles in which Fielding was perpetually involved as a periodical journalist, form more disagreeable topics in the biography. Of his contemporaries many anecdotes are introduced, as the following of David Garrick, as told to Macklin by Dr. Johnson:—

"A grocer in Garrick's native town coming to London with a letter of introduction to the great performer from his brother, Peter Garrick, went to the theatre first, to see him in the character of *Abel Druggier*. Like Partridge, the honest grocer was completely taken in by the actor. 'On Garrick's appearance,' it is said, 'he was for some time in doubt whether it could be he or not; at last, being convinced of it by the people about him, he felt so disgusted by the mean appearance and mercenary conduct of the performer (which, by a foolish combination, he attached to the *man*), that he went out of town without delivering the letter.' It is added that, on returning to Lichfield, the grocer was naturally asked by Mr. Peter Garrick how his brother had received him, when he was informed with some hesitation, that the letter had never been delivered. 'To say the truth,' observed his townsman, 'I saw enough of him on the stage to make that unnecessary; he may be rich, as I dare say any man who lives like him must be, but—' and here the grocer delivered himself of a tremendous oath—'though he is your brother, Mr. Garrick, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds, I ever saw in the whole course of my life.'"

Poor Fielding died at Lisbon, at the early age of forty-seven, in 1754. His health had been for some years declining, and a visit to Bath had done little to restore him. He is buried in the English cemetery, near the mortal remains of the pious Doddridge. The grave of the novelist was long unmarked by any memorial, till in 1830, by the exertions of the Rev. Christopher Neville, then British chaplain, a subscription was set on foot, and a sarcophagus erected. It is situated about the centre of the cemetery. Among the records of travellers who have since visited the spot, there is a touching notice in George Borrow's 'Bible in Spain.' A complete list of Fielding's writings is given in the appendix to Mr. Lawrence's volume.

You have Heard of Them. By Q. New York: Redfield. London: Trübner.

WE have already described this as one of the most amusing and impudent books of biographical gossip ever published. The author was formerly connected with the London Press, but now, for reasons not explained in the volume, he lives on the safe side of the Atlantic.

As an example of the most amusing and curious of the Q. papers, we may select the notice of Lola Montes:—

"Many a year has passed since I first had the chance of setting my eyes upon this extraordinary woman, whose reputation has already made her known over the globe. I of course allude to Europe and North America. Now a dancer, and then the mistress of a monarch, afterwards a married woman, and then again returning to the stage and her *entrechats*, I much doubt whether she would remember me as well as I can remember her. It was in the year that she first appeared—her first and last appearance was it—upon the stage at Her Majesty's Theatre. At that time I was living in Upper Grafton street, and from my position on the Morning Press of London, had my *entrées* at the rehearsals of this establishment. During a week or two preceding the day of which I am about to speak, a singularly lovely face had occasionally appeared at the parlour windows of a house which

was almost exactly opposite that in which I resided. It had undeniably wicked eyes, and a strong inclination came over me to endeavour to obtain the acquaintanceship of the aforesaid eyes, but as I never by any chance met them in the street, and had too much work on my hands to remain at the window watching for their exit from the door across the road, I was as yet confined to the chance of casting an occasional glance on them.

"One morning, when I had a vacant hour on my hands—you must remember that 2 P.M. is considered the morning in London—I visited Mr. Lumley, who was at this time the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, and was shown into his room, which was under the colonnade which surrounds this establishment, upon the side of it facing the Haymarket. I found him just preparing to go out.

"Believe me," he said, "that I am delighted to see you."

"Then you want my assistance?"

"I do," was his answer. "You know that I have a new dancer, who is coming out."

"I saw so, by the advertisements."

"She is Spanish. Her name is Lola Montez. She is deliciously beautiful," he quietly smacked his lips, as he said this, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, "and dances well enough, when coupled with her beauty, to make a *furor*."

"Hew! The beauty is needed then?"

"Of course it is. What dancer was ever worth a sou without it, save and except the 'Taglioni'?"

"You are perhaps right," was my answer.

"Psha! you know I am," he said with his usual slow and tranquil enunciation. "Will you go upon the stage and see her?"

"Is she rehearsing, then?"

"Yes! The Spanish dance in which she is to appear to-morrow evening."

"Most certainly I will."

"Lumley accordingly laid his hat aside, and accompanied me through the dark and dubious passages which led through the *coulisses* of the theatre, upon the stage.

"The violinist who had been playing through the music of the *pas* for her, had already been preparing to leave, and Lola Montez, apparently—for there was but one lady present—was standing over the orchestra, talking with him. I heard her last words to him, and observed to Lumley, that she talked remarkably good English for a Spaniard—possibly, I hinted, 'a little too good.'

"She is a very clever woman," was his answer. "She speaks French quite as well as she does English."

"That she may do, but I would beg to observe to you, it is not at all so extraordinary in a Spaniard."

"However, he was conveniently deaf—I never knew a manager yet who could not be so—and slowly advanced towards her. I followed him. When we had approached sufficiently near, he addressed her, and Lola Montez turned round. What was my astonishment to recognise the dark eyes and expressive mouth of the charming unknown of Grafton-street! I involuntarily started. Lumley glanced suspiciously at me, and then said—

"Donna Lola, you will allow me to present a friend of mine to you. Will you not?"

"Most certainly," she replied, with a bewitching smile.

"I believe," I said, "that we have already made a semi-acquaintance. We are residing opposite each other at present."

"I had forgotten," observed Lumley, in his drawling tone, "that you lived in Grafton-street." He then told her that I was one of the operative critics on the Morning Press, and requested her, if she had no objection, to repeat her dance, which she had apparently ended, to oblige me.

"Monsieur does me too great an honour in expressing the wish, for me to refuse him." Then she threw her shawl and bonnet on a chair which was standing near, as Lumley requested the violinist again to repeat the music of the *pas* for her.

"At that period, her figure was even more attractive than her face, lovely as the latter was. Lithe and graceful as a young fawn, every move-

ment that she made seemed instinct with melody, as she prepared to commence the dance. Her dark eyes were blazing and flashing with excitement, for she felt that I was willing to admire her. In her *pose* grace seemed involuntarily to preside over her limbs, and dispose their attitude. Her foot and ankle were almost faultless. Nadaud, the violinist, drew the bow across his instrument, and she began to dance. No one who has seen her will quarrel with me for saying that she was not, and is not a finished *danseuse*, but all who have will as certainly agree with me, that she possesses every element which could be required, with careful study in her youth, to make her eminent in her then vocation. As she swept round the stage, her slender waist swayed to the music, and her graceful neck and head bent with it, like a flower that bends with the impulse given to its stem by the changing and fitful temper of the wind.

"What do you think of her?" whispered Lumley.

"Good! but not good enough."

"I fear so."

"But we will try and make her do, in spite of her want of finish. I will give a notice of her rehearsal to-morrow."

"The dance which she was rehearsing was one of the Spanish *pas*, founded, if I remember rightly, on some story connected with the *Tarantula*, and was admirably suited to her. It contained few or no *tours de force*, and consequently was as well adapted as any dance could be not to expose her deficiencies. Her face and figure would, as I hoped—for from the moment of recognising her, I began to feel the liveliest of interests in her success—secure her with the public. Nor can there be any doubt but that they would have done so—for at this time Lola was in all the first flush of her singular beauty—but for a very unlucky *contretemps* upon which none of us had reckoned. At the moment, however, we were far enough from suspecting that which chanced—there were no straws to indicate to us the way that the wind was to blow—and when she had terminated the dance, Lumley told her that I was perfectly delighted, and would do anything in my power to ensure her success. He was cunning enough to see the advantage of nailing me to my promise, and he did so. As Nadaud inserted his violin into its case, the manager accompanied us into his room, and with an apology on behalf of his having to keep an appointment, which he had already neglected from his desire that I should see the new star rehearse, there quitted us. When he did so, Lola Montez sat down, apparently with the mere intention of resting for a few moments. I immediately thought fit to follow her example. She was very evidently determined on exerting all her fascination, to render the support of my influence and pen a positive certainty. My mind was disposed already to give it her.

"Now, who is there, you will let me ask, that has ever had half-an-hour's conversation with the Donna Lola, that can for an instant doubt but he has spoken with a sparklingly brilliant creature? I, at any rate, certainly do not. She is, probably enough, of that genus which in England is invariably called 'fast,' but her speed is most indubitably that of talent."

"She conversed with me of almost everything—nay! I had almost said, of a good deal more—told me anecdote after anecdote of Spanish life, many of them very 'fast' ones indeed, with a *verve* and *entrain* which were irresistible—explained the reason for her understanding and speaking English with such strange ease as a foreigner, of which reason it must be candidly owned I believe but little; and, in a word, made herself so undeniably agreeable, that when we separated on that afternoon, I found myself tumbled heels over head into the profound depths of that which the French call a *grande passion*, and was beating wildly about in it, with the sole idea of getting to land as soon as possible.

"At length the eventful evening arrived on which the destiny of Lola Montez was to be settled. She was to prove on this occasion what her success

was to be in the great capitals of Europe as a *danseuse*. Now, amongst the pretty constant *habitués* of the omnibus box—as it was called at that period, and, I may presume, will yet be, if any daring man opens Her Majesty's Theatre, which is now closed—was a certain Lord Ranelagh, if I recollect his name rightly. This box—by the way, I ought to state that there were two of them, one of which was on each side of the stage, most conveniently situated for the examination of the legs and ankles of the *débütantes* in the *ballet*—was rented from the management, and tenanted by a club of fashionable men, for the express purpose of giving them a good critical position as ocular judges of such interesting matters. It was upon this occasion filled by them long before the dance for which the Donna Lola was announced began. No sooner had she appeared upon the stage, than Lord Ranelagh recognised her, or thought that he did so, as a lady of decidedly doubtful reputation whom he had known in Madrid. I shall not stop to discuss the question as to the truth of this. He may, or again, he may not have done so. If he really did, it was, as report says, a lady from whom he had received a most unpleasant rebuff upon one occasion, when his advances to make an acquaintanceship with her were distinguished more by his ardour than by any striking amount of delicacy. He immediately made this fact, or belief on his part, known to his friends, and the first hint which was received of it by the public, was given them in the shape of an audible and ominous hiss from the omnibus box on the right of the stage. This was, as it may be presumed, sustained and repeated by the frequenters of the other. Like experienced and crafty gamblers, they knew that to keep the staff which controlled the London ballet in their own grasp, it was necessary that they should play into each other's hands. Now Lola had danced very well upon this evening, and if she had been successful, there can be little or no doubt but that she would have ultimately become a distinguished and well-known *danseuse*. Fate, however, was against her. It had determined her career for her beforehand. The audience went with the prepossession of the Omnibuses, not knowing anything about the matter, and concluded that she danced badly because their frequenters had hissed her. In ten minutes more the curtain came down upon her, and her career as a Teutonic professor was for ever terminated in England.

"I saw Lumley immediately after the close of the ballet. He was surrounded by the professors of morality from the Omnibus Box, and was in a state of irritation more evident than I have before or since seen any manager. He was necessarily unable to do anything but listen. How could he offend his patrons by remonstrating with them? Had he cited Fanny Ellsler or Carlotta Grisi to them, in extenuation of the morals of the unfortunate Lola, he would in all probability have ruined his popularity, for he was then one of the most popular managers with the 'great' world the opera in London had ever had. So he was compelled to smile, and assent, and agree, without knowing what he was smiling at or agreeing to. They pointed out to him that it was absolutely necessary to have exemplary characters in the ballet, without telling him where he could meet with exemplary females who would not mind exhibiting their lower extremities in pink silk fleshings. The long and the short of it was simply that in the excess of their virtuous indignation, they had determined that the Donna Lola was not to appear again, and Lumley was consequently obliged to submit to the fiat of these virtuous scions of a moral and scrupulous aristocracy. Carlotta Grisi might have had a score of lovers, but then she never turned up her charming little nose at my Lord Ranelagh. It was certain that Fanny Ellsler had intrigued; but then it was with the Duc de Reichstadt.

"Thus was the matter finished, and Lumley was obliged to intimate to the weeping Lola that his theatre would henceforth be closed to her. There was no more market in it for her bounds and leaps. She might swim through the dance, where or how she could find an opportunity for

doing so, but very certainly she must no more appear upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre.

"It was about one o'clock on the next day that I had finished my breakfast—you must not blame me for my late hours or my laziness, beloved reader, for I rarely managed to finish my work on the Journal with which I was connected before four or five o'clock in the morning, and consequently rarely rose before midday—and determined upon paying the Donna Lola a visit, for the purpose, if possible, of consoling the unfortunate danseuse. I accordingly dressed myself, and strolled across the street, where I rapped at the door of the house in which I knew she resided.

"The Donna Lola had departed.

"Where had she gone?"

"That they did not know. On the preceding evening she had returned from the opera, evidently much worn out and *abat*. N.B. They did not express this half so gracefully as I do. Her maid-servant had then packed up her clothes and knick-knackeries carefully in her numberless portmanteaus. She had quitted the house on that morning precisely at seven.

"Where had she come from, I then asked, 'when she had first taken her apartments in the house?"

"This also they could not tell me. Let me ask you, my kind-hearted student of these pages, if this was not a pretty situation for a lover to be in? The lady of his affection vanished—the deuce knows where—and he without the slightest possible trace left in his hands to follow her by, or find out her habitation. I thought in the first instance of taking a cab, going to the Serpentine, and immediately drowning myself; but on a very brief reflection, decided that I should be a fool for taking the matter so much to heart. I accordingly strolled down to Verry's, in Regent-street, and ordered an ice. It tranquillized my nerves, and in less than an hour my hopeless passion had calmed down into a rational state of quietude.

"A few months afterwards, when I had completely forgotten her sparkling eyes, and missed them even from the dreams which at first had haunted my bachelor couch, I took up the 'Journal des Débats' in a French *café* in or near the Quadrant. It was for the purpose of running over the *feuilleton* of Jules Janin. As I glanced over it, my eyes fell upon the name of Donna Lola. She had appeared at the Porte St. Martin, and had made a failure. A year or more after, I read in the English journals an account of her horsewhipping a Prussian colonel, and her immediate extradition from that kingdom. Then came a long lapse in my tidings of her, until a year or two had passed away. She was now mistress to the King of Bavaria, had been made a Bavarian countess, and was playing the very deuce in Munich. I happened at this time to be in Germany, arriving in Munich at the time the popular riots had taken place there, which eventually led to King Ludwig resigning his crown to his son, Maximilian, and was told by a Bavarian gentleman the following anecdote as a fact. Of course I am unable to vouch for its being so, but I implicitly believe it.

"The mob had collected round her palace in the afternoon, when the king was with her, and had taken the liberty of breaking her windows. The king was enraged at this insolence, and knowing where Lola kept 'her' pistols, went and seized them both, rushing towards the balcony with the evident intention of bringing down a couple of the ringleaders. She no sooner saw this than she felt should he give way to the momentary exasperation, her life, and very possibly his, would be neither of them worth an hour's purchase. Without pausing to reflect for a moment, she sprang upon the aged monarch and tore the pistols from his hands—one of them going off in the struggle, and planting a ball in the wainscoting of the apartment. She then forced him back into a chair, and delivered him a lengthy lecture upon his imprudence.

"Some say," added my informant, "that she actually boxed his ears soundly. But this can scarcely be credited."

"Shortly afterwards, and while I was still in

Munich, she was conducted out of the kingdom of Bavaria under the escort of a troop of cavalry. Some predicted that this would break the heart of the old king. Monarchs' hearts are generally, however, rather tough, and it consequently bore the strain without cracking. When I next heard of her she was a married woman. When I last saw her, she was once more dancing. This was upon the stage of the Broadway Theatre."

The book, amusing and interesting though it be, we most unhesitatingly condemn as a contribution to biographical literature. It requires the wit and pungent delicacy of a Lamb to give currency, void of offence, to sketches such as these of living celebrities.

NOTICES.

The Martyr Land; or, Tales of the Vaudois.

By the Author of 'Sunlight through the Mist.' Grant and Griffith.

THE story of the Vaudois of Piedmont is one of romantic interest for Protestant readers, from the early times of the Waldenses, down to those with which the name of Felix Neff is associated. The records of these valleys belong more to ecclesiastical than to secular history, for they chiefly relate the persecutions and trials to which these children of the mountains were subjected on account of their religion. These cruelties, although instigated by the Romish Church, were chiefly carried into execution by the rulers of the district, the Dukes of Savoy. One of these persecutions happening in Cromwell's time, the Protector not only interposed in their behalf, but caused an appeal to be made to English Protestants for a fund to relieve the refugees who had escaped. About £40,000 was collected, but Cromwell did not live long enough to see the whole of this noble donation applied, and Charles II. appropriated about half of the money for his own guilty uses. The history of the Vaudois is not, however, wholly a record of passive suffering for the sake of their religion. There are some passages of successful resistance and heroic achievement, especially the march of the 800 to regain their native valleys in the year 1689, under their hero-pastor, Arnaud. Gallenga, in his recent history of Piedmont, says, "that had this expedition only been on a larger scale, it would have been as memorable in history as the retreat of the ten thousand, or the more terrible one from Moscow." The fame of "the glorious return of the Vaudois," as narrated by their leader Arnaud, is not so unknown as Signor Gallenga supposes, and the happy alliance now existing with the Sardinian kingdom, which now includes the Piedmontese valleys, will secure for the history of these people additional attention. Our king William III. was so delighted with the heroic exploits of Arnaud and his patriot band, that he engaged, after the restoration of the Vaudois to their native valleys, to give from the English Treasury the pay for a regiment of the Piedmontese army. When this noble and practical proof of English sympathy was suspended we are not aware, but a proposition for its renewal would not be received with disfavour at the present time, when the Sardinian army is in the field with that of our own country. We must not omit to mention that the present little volume, intended for youthful readers, was prepared at the suggestion of the late Dr. Gilly, the zealous and generous friend of the Protestant Vaudois.

The Adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

Recounted by the Author of 'Mary Powell.' Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE personal history of the renowned Haroun Alraschid is in this volume collected out of the stories relating to him in the 'Arabian Nights,' with additional chapters from other sources, serving to give connexion and completeness to the narrative. No great research was necessary for the compilation of such a work, and no unusual skill is shown in its authorship. The story in itself is full of interest, and as here narrated will please those who have yet to make acquaintance with the famous

Caliph of the most popular of Eastern romances. But the subject is not one for which the peculiar style acquired by the author of 'Mary Powell' is best suited, and our chief commendation in regard to the work must be given to the printer, binder, and others concerned in its outward getting up. It is an unusually handsome volume.

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By Rev. George Gilfillan. J. Nichol.

The Poetical Works of Johnson, Parnell, Gray, and Smollett, with Memoirs, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes. By Rev. George Gilfillan. J. Nichol.

THESE are the last volumes published in Nichol's cheap, accurate, and elegant edition of the British Poets, a series of publications most creditable both to the editor and publisher. The works are published by subscription, six volumes being issued annually. Those previously given for the present year, the third, are Dryden, in two volumes, and Bowles, in two volumes. In the two previous years have appeared the poems of Milton, 2; Thomson, 1; Herbert, 1; Young, 1; Goldsmith, Collins, and Warton, 1; Cowper, 2; Butler, 2; Shenstone, 1; Beattie, Blair, and Falconer, 1. For 1856 the works are Burns, with selections from A. Wilson, Tannahill, M'Neil, Galt, Mayne, and other recent Scottish poets, 3 vols.; Pope, 2; and H. Kirke White, 1 volume. The genial and eloquent, though occasionally eccentric, memoirs and notes of Mr. Gilfillan, add to the value of this edition of the British Poets.

SUMMARY.

WE have received a series of illustrated books for young people (Low and Son), superior to any that we have yet seen of the class. Some of them are distinguished by the epithet "indestructible," being printed on strong linen, and they may certainly defy the destructive attacks of the infantry of the nursery, armed with their natural weapons alone. While these works are in their material structure as likely to prove as durable as the old horn-books of the days of dame schools, the highest style of typography and art render them as attractive to the eyes as they are defiant to the fingers of their possessors. Beginning with *The Child's own Alphabet*, and *The Child's own Primer*, and *The Child's own Spelling-Book*, there is a variety of "reading-books" and "pleasure-books," the former containing useful information, and the latter amusing stories, all illustrated in a style unknown to former generations of children. Messrs. Low have also published a series of illustrated books for children of an age to be entrusted with destructible materials, and these paper books include well-known stories and tales, with illustrations by Harrison Weir. One of them is entitled *Harry's Picture Colour-Book*, some of the pictures being plain, with directions for colouring them, an amusement which is generally a favourite one with young folks. A beautifully illustrated volume, *The Treasury of Pleasure-Books for Young People*, contains familiar nursery tales, such as 'The House that Jack Built,' 'Cock Robin,' 'Goody Two Shoes,' and a score of others, with illustrations by John Absolon, Harrison Weir, and other artists of high reputation. There are no fewer than a hundred and sixty eight pictures, some of them admirably drawn and skilfully engraved. A volume for readers somewhat more advanced, *The Great Wonders of the World*, gives pictures and descriptions of many of the most notable objects of art or architecture in ancient and modern times, beginning with the Pyramids, Petra, and the Parthenon, and ending with the Houses of Parliament, the Britannia Tubular Bridge, the Duke of Wellington Steam War Ship, and the Crystal Palace. The Drawings are by Frederick Skill, engraved by James Cooper, the letterpress written and compiled by Arthur C. Wigan. It is a handsome, entertaining, and instructive volume.

A good and pleasantly written book for young people is *Mia and Charlie, or a Week's Holidays*

at Rydale Rectory (Bogue). The illustrations by Birket Foster add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume.

The *Royall Historical Game of Cards*, invented by Miss Jane Roberts (Hardwicke), is intended to impress upon young people, by the aid of amusement, the line of succession of the English monarchs, and the date of their accession to the throne. Each card has a portrait and dates, and directions are given for playing the game.

An American work, already reprinted in this country, by the author of Kirwan's Letters, entitled *Parish and other Pencilings* (Low, Son, and Co.), contains sketches of life and character as observed by the author during his experience as pastor of a city congregation in the States.

A Collection of Poems for Children, by M. S. C., author of 'Twilight Thoughts,' (Grant and Griffiths), under the title of *Blades and Flowers*, contains some pretty and pleasing pieces, suitable for youthful minds, and breathing the same spirit as the nursery poems of Jane Taylor or Ongar, Mrs. Barbauld, and other estimable writers of this class.

In *My MSS., a Tale of Olden Islington*, by the author of 'Anne Boleyn,' (Hope and Co.), are cleverly introduced references to old historical and local associations in the days of 'Good Queen Bess,' whose visit to Canonbury forms a prominent episode in the story.

Horace Smith's *Brambletye House*, a tale of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, is reprinted in the Parlor Library (Hodgson). The opening of the story might pass for that of one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels: "It was on a dark and gusty night of autumn, during the latter years of Oliver Cromwell's protectorate, that a black covered cart, drawn by two horses of the same sable hue, emerged from the unbragging recesses of Ashdown Forest, which at that period nearly extended to the northern extremity of Sussex. It was attended by two armed men, one of whom, &c."

The sixth volume of the new edition of the select works of Dr. Chalmers (Constable & Co.) contains *The Evidences of the Christian Revelation*, and *Lectures on Paley's Evidences*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Boyle v. Wiseman, by R. Boyle, 8vo, sewed, 3s. 6d.
 Broughton's (Lord) Albania, 2 vols., 8vo, new ed., £1 10s.
 Burton's (W. H.) Law of Real Property, 5th ed., £1 4s.
 Chadwick's (S.) Poems, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Chambers's History of Ancient Greece, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Christian Melville, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Christmas's (H.) Echoes of the Universe, 4th ed., p. 8vo, 5s.
 De la Motte's Willie's First Lessons in Drawing, 2s. 6d.
 Domestic Commentary, 4 vols., imperial 8vo, reduced, £1 10s.
 Dowdeswell's (G.) Merchant's Shipping Act, 12mo, 14s.
 Duberley's (Mrs.) Journal, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Forty Moral Lectures, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 4s.
 Frost King, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Fry's Listener, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Gill's (Rev. W.) Gems, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Goodie's (W.) Divine Rule of Faith, &c., 2nd ed., 3 vols., 18s.
 Gully on the Water-Cure, 5th ed., 12mo, sewed, 2s. 6d.
 Handbook of Southern Italy, 12mo, cloth, 2nd edition, 10s.
 Hay's (Jane E.) Three Boys, cloth, 3s. 6d., coloured, 5s.
 Hill's (M.) Pastoral Function in the Church, 12mo, 4s. 6d.
 Hooper's Physician's Vade Mecum, 12mo, cloth, 12s. 6d.
 Kemble's (F.) Christmas Tree, &c., square, cloth, 4s. 6d.
 Labarte's (J.) Handbook of Arts of the Middle Ages, 18s.
 Lardner's (D.) Museum of Science, &c., double vol., 3s. 6d.
 Letts' Interest Time Tables, 2nd edition, 12mo, cloth, 10s.
 Liddell's History of Rome, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, £1 8s.
 Lilly, a Novel, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Lodge's Peacocks, &c., 1856, royal 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
 Macleod's (Rev. N.) Home School, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
 Martyn's (Rev. H.) Memoirs, 15th edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Letters, 2nd edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Mary Matheson, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Miller's (T.) Poetical Language of Flowers, 2nd edition, 6s.
 Moore's (T.) Irish Melodies, illustrated, crown 8vo, £1 1s.
 Morris's (Rev. A. J.) Words for the Heart, &c., p. 8vo, 4s. 6d.
 My Life, 12mo, boards, 2s.
 Myrtle's (Mrs.) Water Lily, cloth, 3s. 6d., coloured, 5s.
 Newton's Life, by Bailie, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Paget's (Rev. F. E.) Owllet, fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Payne's (J.) Studies in English Poetry, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Fenrose's (J.) Faith and Practice, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
 Perry's (Sir E.) Bird's-eye View of India, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Pictures for the Nursery, 4to, boards, 3s. 6d.
 Porter's (Rev. J. L.) Damascus, 2 vols., crown 8vo, £1 1s.
 Ramsbotham's (Dr.) Obstetric Medicine, 4th edition, £1 2s.
 Reverses; or Memoirs of the Fairfax Family, 3rd ed., 3s.
 Roche's Du Style de la Composition Littéraire, p. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
 Simpson's (J. P.) Twelve Sermons on the Liturgy, 6s.
 Sinclair's Jane Bouvier, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
 Smedley's (F. E.) Lewis Arundel, post 8vo new ed., 3s.

- Smith's (A.) Poems, 4th edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 (S.) Memoir, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, 4th ed., £1 8s.
 Thackeray's Miscellanies, Vol. 2, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 Tyng's (R.) Kinsman, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Watt's (Mrs. A. A.) Birthday Councils, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
 White's (H. K.) Poetical and Prose Works, 3s. 6d.
 Wylie's (A.) Tables of Investments, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Zaidée, a Romance, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.

RUSSIA AND SCIENCE.

It is pleasing to find that the scientific men of Russia and Great Britain continue in the same friendly relation as in the time of peace. During the last great war, it will be remembered that at the time when Englishmen were rigidly excluded from every part of the Continent over which France had influence, Napoleon made an exception in favour of scientific men, and received Sir Humphry Davy and others with distinguished honour at Paris. The following letter, under date Oct. 21st, 1855, has been received by our Astronomical Society, from M. Otto Struve, the Russian Astronomer Royal:—

"When I last wrote you, I said that galvanic telegraphy was quite in its infancy in Russia. Since then the war has prompted that affair in a rapid manner. At this moment we have already in Russia about 6000 miles, or even more, of galvanic wires, and are on one side through Warsaw and Cracow; on the other side, through Königsberg, in connexion with the foreign lines. But to make use of these lines for scientific purposes will hardly be possible before the close of the war, for at present all the lines are continually used for official dispatches. Only one short line has served for scientific objects,—this is the line of Petersburg to Cronstadt, by which I have to transmit regularly exact Pulkowa time to that part for the purpose of regulating the rates of the chronometers of our navy. This is a small part of the duties devolved upon me by a new appointment as Consultative Astronomer to the Admiralty, in the same manner as I was already since 1848 engaged with the Imperial General Staff. By this supplementary appointment, the geographical part of my sphere of activity has considerably increased, and consequently I am yet more limited than before in the pure scientific astronomical pursuits.

"It is really remarkable that the war until now has not exercised the least influence on the progress of any scientific pursuit for which the support of government is wanted. On the contrary, the energy elicited by the state of war in one principal direction has given rise also to a development of energy in many other respects. This will be proved in part by a short enumeration of the principal geographical undertakings, in the arrangement or direction of which we had to take a part this year. First started from here a numerous party, under the direction of Mr. Schwarz, for the exploration of Eastern Siberia; another party was sent to the Steppes of the Kirghis; a third, under personal direction of Döllén, had to fix the exact geographical positions of a large number of points situated in or near the Ural Mountains, to form a base for the construction of an exact topographical map of the vast districts of mines in that part of Russia; a fourth expedition, provided with forty chronometers, has to join, first, Moscow with Saratow; and then, this latter town with Astrachan; and, finally, the great trigonometrical operations in the southern part of Russia and in the Transcaucasian provinces are carried on without the least interruption. From the last-mentioned circumstance you will conclude that on our part both the astronomical and the geodetical part of a great arc of parallel will be finished in a very short time.

"In my astronomical pursuits the parallaxes of fixed stars have taken a prominent part during the last year, and I think I have made a considerable progress in these researches. Now that the methods of observation are entirely fixed, I am quite sure that if there is a difference of parallax of 0.1 between any couple of stars situated at a distance less than 5' from another, four observations made at the epochs of maxima and minima will be entirely sufficient to prove its existence and to define its amount within very narrow limits. I have not

yet calculated exactly other parallaxes besides those of a Lyre and 61 Cygni, the general results of which are known to you, but a short review of my observations shows that μ Cassiopeie has a parallax of more than 0.3, η Cassiopeie of more than 0.2, and Capella of between 0.1 and 0.2. For all these cases, the results obtained by the angles of position agree remarkably with those furnished by the distances.

"The observations of other stars, namely, of α Tauri, α Aquile, α Andromeda, and α Cassiopeie, are about to be closed; but to guard me against any pre-occupation, not even the first step has been made for the reduction of these observations."

THE WHEREWITHAL.

A MAN may have wisdom and worth,
 And humour and wit at his call,
 But what do these matter on earth
 If he has not the wherewithal?
 His home may be circled with friends,
 If he only can keep up the ball;
 But friendship soon changes and ends
 If he has not the wherewithal.
 Then seek for the wherewithal—
 Make sure of the wherewithal,
 For pleasure, like friendship, soon ends,
 If you have not the wherewithal.

The purse is the dial, whose face
 Shows best where the sunlight doth fall;
 He always is first in the race,
 Who is first with the wherewithal!
 Some say that the high can be mean—
 Some hint that the great can be small;
 But trifles like these are not seen,
 If bless'd with the wherewithal!
 Then seek for the wherewithal—
 Make sure of the wherewithal,
 For pleasure, like friendship, soon ends,
 If short of the wherewithal.

Love smiles on the casement that shows
 A picture within to enthrall;
 When gold's in the heart of the rose,
 There's Love in the wherewithal!
 Yes, men may have wisdom and worth,
 And humour and wit at their call,
 But what do these matter on earth
 If they have not the wherewithal!
 Then seek for the wherewithal—
 Make sure of the wherewithal,
 For pleasure, like friendship, soon ends,
 If short of the wherewithal!

CHARLES SWAIN.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is said that a new description of forged coin is in circulation. The type of a half-crown is impressed on iron, and this is electro-plated, so that it will not yield to the common test by bending. Pliny informs us that this mode of coining was practised by the moneyers of Antony the Triumvir, and that his legions mutinied because of the fraud that had been practised upon them. This statement of the historian was for a long time discredited, but the late Mr. Douce possessed a denarius (now, we believe, in the Bodleian Library) of Antony, formed of iron, and plated with silver. A second example is in the collection of Mr. Akerman. While on the subject of forgeries, we may mention also that a machine is said to be now in use which cuts off the edges of the sovereign, leaving the piece with a new milling, thus taking about three shillings' worth of gold from each piece.

At the meeting of the Glasgow Athenæum this week, which seems to be one of the most efficiently furnished and best conducted institutions of the kind, and to be well supported by the operative classes, eloquent and appropriate speeches were delivered by the Earl of Eglinton, Sir Archibald Alison, the Lord Advocate, and other distinguished Scotchmen. Professor Blackie of Edinburgh advocated the claims of literature to a greater share of attention than it usually obtains, its influences on

culture and character being greater than those of art or science alone. "Too much time and attention," said the learned and enthusiastic Professor, "is given to politics and money-making, and too little to the study of literature. Men who could keep their souls to their shops for six days and go once a week to church, are very shabby Christians. Let them devote some time to literature, by which their humanity would be cultivated and their souls expanded." The suggestion made by the writer of the article in 'The Times' on this meeting, that there should be public readings of standard English works in such institutions, is one which deserves to be carried out. If Macaulay's History, for instance, were read publicly, crowds would be attracted, and the work brought within the reach of many to whom it is now, by its high price, inaccessible.

Sir George Ballingall, M.D., Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, died suddenly last week at his country residence in Perthshire. He had occupied the chair for thirty years, and until the recent institution of a similar class at Dublin by Sir P. Crampton, Edinburgh was the only school where special lectures on military surgery were given. Sir George was in early life surgeon to the 33rd regiment. Besides his 'Outlines of Military Surgery,' the text-book for his class, he has made several contributions to the literature of his profession, especially 'Observations on the Diseases of the European Troops in India,' and 'Observations on the Site and Construction of Military Hospitals.' He was a man highly esteemed by the profession, and valued as a teacher in the Edinburgh School of Medicine.

The interest taken by Lord Leigh in the subject of the reformation of juvenile offenders, has been practically shown by the grant, on very liberal terms, of thirty acres of land, for the purposes of a reformatory school, on the plan of the well-known Mettray institution. The site is at Weston, about four miles from Leamington. Steps are also being taken for establishing a Roman Catholic reformatory school, in connexion with the Monastery of St. Bernard, in Leicestershire.

The regulations for the India Civil Service examination, to take place in July 1856, have been published, and do not materially differ from those which worked as satisfactorily as might be expected, last year. Any complaints made were more as to the mode of examination than to the subjects appointed. The results of a second competition will furnish more adequate data for forming a fair estimate of the merits of the new system.

Attention has been called to the indigent circumstances of a writer who has some claim on public sympathy for his labours in the cause of education, Mr. Joseph Guy, author of the 'Elements of Astronomy,' 'Geography,' and about twenty other class-books well known to teachers and pupils. The case, as represented in a public advertisement, is one which seems to deserve the assistance of Government when there are any funds available for such an object.

We omitted last week to note the recent death of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who formerly was a fertile and favourite writer of poetry, which was popular in its day, but not of a kind to take a lasting place in literature.

Professor Overbeck, says our Dresden letter, has commenced at Leipzig a course of most interesting lectures on Greek plastic art. He tried in his opening lecture to impress upon his hearers, that the art of sculpture was the earliest and truest expression of the Greek mind, and at the same time a language the most universal and most easy of comprehension; that a Greek statue, full of manly beauty and grace, can be understood and appreciated by the ignorant multitude, whilst Greek poetry, even tragedies, the Antigone not excepted, demand a certain amount of intellectual cultivation, and previous study and preparation, to enable the reader to enjoy them; he urged upon his audience the necessity of the study and frequent contemplation of Greek works of art, in order to develop and cultivate the sense of the beautiful. In the historical part of his lecture,

he maintained that Grecian art had not been transplanted from any other soil, but had sprung up in the country itself; and that its golden age had lasted only from the time of Phidias to that of Alexander, and that under the Macedonian rule it degenerated into the mere flattery of princes and manufacture of images, Athens alone having erected no less than three hundred monuments in honour of one ruler.

M. Coste, the French ichthyologist, communicated a curious and important fact to the Academy of Sciences of Paris in its last sitting—namely, that in the cisterns for the artificial production of fish which he has established in the College de France, a female trout produced by the artificial process, and aged two years and a half, deposited a few days ago 1065 eggs, and that they were fecundated with perfect success, and with comparative little loss, by the milt of a male trout, aged nineteen months, also produced artificially. This is the first instance on record of artificially-produced trout having reproduced, and having done so, not in a river or stream, such as this fish loves, but in a mere cistern in which the water is only renewed. Apart from its scientific curiosity, the thing is of general interest, as it shows that the breeding of fish, even at a distance from rivers, will be as easy as the breeding of poultry; and it will naturally give a new and very extensive development to the artificial production of fish, which is being carried on on a large scale in all parts of Europe.

Several picture sales have lately taken place in Paris, but they have not been of much importance. In one of them a *Virgin and Infant Jesus*, by Luini, went for 32*l.*; a *Virgin, Jesus, and St. John*, ascribed to Andrea del Sarto, for 58*l.*; a *Landscape*, by Berghem, for 16*l.*; a *Summer's Eve*, by Cuypp, 17*l.*; an *Inn Yard*, by Ostade, 25*l.*; a *Battle*, by Wouvermanns, 27*l.*; a *Landscape*, by Van Romyn, 29*l.*; and a *Blind Beggar*, by Steen, 17*l.* The unsold and unfinished works and sketches of the late Camille Roqueplan have also been sold lately in Paris, and have realized a larger sum than his artistic reputation warranted.

We learn from the 'Brussels Herald,' that negotiations have been long carrying on with Austria in order to obtain the restitution of the records belonging to Belgium, which were carried off to Vienna towards the end of the last century. Among the principal of these papers are those of the council of state, of the ministry of war, &c. After a long and fruitless attempt, an exchange has at length been arranged, but expenses will be incurred for the purposes of copying and carriage which necessitate increasing the 7,000 francs allowed for the records to 17,000.

A credit, says the same authority, amounting to 36,000 francs, has been granted for the restoration of public monuments, and a sum of 20,000 francs is also demanded for the inspection of establishments or manufactories prejudicial to the public health.

We hear from Paris that the Emperor of the French intends to offer a prize of 20,000 francs (800*l.*) for the best poem on the taking of Sebastopol, also three or four other prizes of equal amount on different subjects connected with the Universal Exhibition. We, however, only mention this as *on dit*, without in any respect guaranteeing its truth.

For the vacancy in the French Academy, caused by the death of Count Molé, there are already several candidates in the field, the most important of whom are M. Troplong, President of the Senate and the Court of Cassation, and a learned writer on law; and Emile Augier, the dramatic poet. Jules Janin is also spoken of.

Roger, the French tenor, has signed an engagement for four years with the Grand Opera in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo, the Italian *cantatrice*, has entered into an engagement with the same theatre for three years, but it is not to commence until July.

The works of Dr. Channing, of the United States, have obtained the honour of translation into French. A translation of Ranke's 'History of France in

the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries,' has also just been published at Paris.

The discovery of a new "variable star" has just been made by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, in Prussia, and he has given it the name of T. Piscium. The degree of variability is from the ninth to the eleventh magnitude.

Some of the artistic trophies captured at Sebastopol have already arrived at the Louvre at Paris:—the most important of them are two sphinxes in white marble.

Dr. Marshall Hall has been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris—Medical Section. He obtained 39 votes out of 41.

The Paris papers announce the death of F. Berat, a musical composer and poet of some little note.

The Academy of Inscriptions et Belles Lettres of Paris has elected M. Texier a member, in the room of the late Baron Barchon de Ponhoen.

M. de Koningh, professor at the University of Liege, has been elected foreign member of the Academy of Science at Munich, as attached to the class of physical sciences and mathematics.

The re-appearance of Madame Goldschmidt Lind at Exeter Hall, on Monday, after an absence of four years, attracted a crowded and fashionable audience, and the result was a complete recognition of her powers as a singer quite unapproached by any other artist. The music of the *Creation* is especially suited to the marvellous fulness and purity of her voice. The wonder is, that the notes should issue forth with such sustained ease from a frame so comparatively gentle. The beautiful airs, 'With verdure clad,' and 'On mighty pens,' were warbled with a charming clearness of intonation, and the fine duet, 'Come, Graceful Consort,' was given with an alternation of vigour and subdued pathos rising to the highest pitch of excellence that the human voice would seem capable of. The oratorio is, we observe, announced to be repeated next week, and we sincerely hope, that when the opera season commences, Madame Lind may be prevailed upon to appear again upon the stage.

The theatrical and musical circles of Paris have been plunged into commotion by what they call 'un événement extraordinaire.' Madame Penco, of the Italian Theatre, was a few nights ago to have appeared as *Leonora*, in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, but was prevented from indisposition. She delayed informing the director of her inability to attend to her duty until the very last moment, and he was in despair at the idea of having to send the public away and return their money. Fortunately Madame Frezzolini happened to be in the theatre, and condescended to play the part. The overture was performed, and the curtain drawn up: but a few moments before she was required to go on the stage Madame Frezzolini presented a paper to the director, and told him positively that if he would not sign it instantly she would not sing—it was an engagement, under a heavy penalty, to deprive the sick Penco of the part of *Leonora* for the rest of the season, and to give it to her, Frezzolini. The director remonstrated, complained, threatened, but in vain—the cantatrice insisted on having her bond, and he, fearing to interrupt the performance, signed it. When the affair became known it excited immense sensation. Madame Penco and her friends have since been loud in their expressions of indignation at the conduct of her rival;—the partisans of the latter, however, excuse her, on the ground, that at the theatre, as in war, all stratagems are lawful to attain an object. The Paris press has taken up the affair with great heat.

The 'golden age' of the Universal Exhibition having passed away, the Parisian theatres are displaying great activity, and our letters bring us a long list of novelties of different kinds, different pretensions, and different degrees of merit, which they have recently produced. Amongst them we select for mention a drama, called *La Florentine*, at the Odéon Theatre, by a young man calling himself Charles Edmond, who is stated to be a Pole,—a work of considerable dramatic and literary merit and still greater promise, and of a historical

character too, being based on the adventures of the notorious Mareschal and Mareschale d'Ancre, the unworthy favourites of Marie de Medicis; a very clever comedy, modestly designated a vaudeville, by M. Dumanoir, entitled *Le Camp de Bourgeoises*, brought out at the Gymnase Theatre—a satire on the immoral personages who, during the last year or two, have been made the heroines of so many pieces on the Parisian stage; a three-act comedy, in verse, at the same theatre, called *Le Temps perdu*—a rather dull production; and an interesting three-act play at the Vaudeville, by Messrs. Decourcelle and Bourgeois, called *Les Fils de M. Godard*.

The coincidence of Masquerades at Drury Lane and Covent Garden with the presence in London of innumerable rural squires and yeomen at the Cattle Show, recalls to us the imitatable paper in which Addison makes his Tory foxhunter witness part of such a scene. His country friend, having travelled by night to avoid the heat and dust, reached Charing Cross a little after break of day, and met with unusual personages coming along the Strand from Somerset House, where masquerades at that time were held. "His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an English country gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a shepherdess quarrelling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible English, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of Harlequins, Scaramouches, Punchinellos, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar. Being now advanced as far as Somerset House, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good breeding put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off her masque, to his great surprise, appeared a smock-faced young fellow. The next who showed herself was a female quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, 'Tis ten thousand pities she is not a church-woman.' The quaker was followed by half a dozen nuns, who filed off one after another up Katharine street, to their respective convents in Drury Lane. The squire observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine, after all, that this was a nest of sectaries: for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a conjurer, whom he guessed to be the holder-forth. However, to satisfy himself, he asked a porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The porter replied, 'They are of no religion; 'tis a masquerade.' * * I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having for his better convenience dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found upon his arrival at the inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanack. And though 'tis no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this cardinal was a presbyterian in disguise."

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 7th.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair. 'On the Newer Tertiary Deposits of the Sussex Coast.' By R. Godwin Austen, Esq., F.G.S. From Brighton

westwards, between the chalk hills and the sea, the surface of the country is formed, firstly, by a slightly raised terrace of "red gravels," lying on the sloping base of the chalk-hills, and on the old tertiary deposits; secondly, the gravels of the Chichester levels, or the "white gravels." These latter are distinctly bedded and seamed with sand, and are more water-worn than the red gravels which pass under them; thirdly, the white gravels are overlaid by the "brick-earth," which is rather variable in its characters. These, with their equivalents, are the glacial deposits of the district in question. The coast-sections, though very limited in extent, exhibit several important phenomena illustrative of the history of these newer tertiary accumulations. At Selsea, where the glacial deposits are about twenty-five feet thick, the underlying eocene clay is seen, at extreme low water, to be perforated by a very large variety of *Pholas crispata*, and to be overlaid by a deposit containing *Lutraria rugosa*, *Pullastra aurea*, *Tapes decussata*, and *Pecten polymorphus*, contemporaneous with the *Pholades*. Elsewhere brown clays, or local ferruginous gravels, cover unconformably the eocene beds. The surface of the brown clay is deeply eroded, and bears a yellowish clay, which contains large chalk-flints, and a great variety of pebbles and boulders of granitic, slaty, and old fossiliferous rocks, such as are now found in the Cotentin and the Channel Islands. One boulder, of porphyritic granite, measures twenty-seven feet in circumference. A few sea-shells (*Littorina*, &c.) occur in the yellow clay. This deposit the author regards as the equivalent of the "white gravel" in its extension southwards, the gravel having been littoral, and the clay with boulders a deposit formed in somewhat deeper water of this portion of the glacial sea. The coast-sections exhibit the surface of the yellow clay as having been eroded and covered by a variable deposit, sometimes gravelly and sometimes sandy, and containing marine shells (*Cardium edule*, *Ostrea edulis*, *Turritella terebra*, &c.). This band contains also fragments of the old crystalline rocks, obtained from the destruction of the underlying yellow clay. On the shelly and pebbly band lies the brick-earth, an unstratified earthy clay deposit, with small fragments of flint and a few pebbles, and with occasional silt-like patches. The particular subject of this paper was the occurrence of the granitic and slaty detritus in the yellow clay. These blocks are especially numerous near Bracklesham, Selsea, and Pagham. The author explained the difficulties that lie in the way of supposing that they were derived from the Cornwall coast, or direct from the shores of Brittany or the Channel Islands. His previous observations, however, on the bed of the English Channel had prepared the way for the explanation of the hypothesis he now advanced—of the former existence of a land barrier, composed of crystalline and palæozoic rocks, crossing from Brittany to the south-east of England, and forming a gulf or bay open to the west. Into this bay the marine fauna represented by the *Pholas crispata* and its associates extended from the westward; and in the hollow of the bay, at a rather later period, coast-ice brought the boulders from along the old shore line, which is now represented by a sunken peak in mid-channel, and a shoal of granitic detritus. Alteration of level succeeded; and the partial destruction of the yellow clay deposit afforded the overlying pebble-bed, and, in the author's opinion, the granitic blocks found in the old raised beach at Brighton. Mr. Austen thinks it probable that the superficial brick-earth of the district under notice was formed in a land-locked lagoon, subject to periodical freezing; and that the elephant-bed at Brighton is one of its many and variable equivalents (in this case probably subaerial). The brick-earth area has been subsequently encroached upon by the estuaries of Pagham, Portsmouth, &c., and successive oscillations in the level of the land are evidenced in the estuary deposits and submerged forests of Pagham, Bracklesham, Portsmouth, &c. With regard to the latest movements, the author's observations showed that from Lewes Levels to Chichester Harbour, and on to Hurst Castle, the coast exhibits signs of

undergoing elevation at the present day. The coast of the Isle of Wight opposite seems, on the contrary, to be suffering depression, whilst the back of the island exhibits some curious signs of local oscillation.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Sept. 15th.—Evan Hopkins, Esq., F.G.S., read a paper 'On the Gold-bearing Rocks of the World, and their Superficial Metallic Productions.' The following is an abstract:—The gold-bearing rocks belong entirely to the primary crystalline series, noticed in the preceding paper, and not to the fossiliferous or sedimentary rocks; therefore gold is never found in the latter excepting by the intrusion of the former from below. The less the primary series of rocks are covered with compact sedimentary rocks the more favourable they are to develop and liberate their metallic contents. It is the superficial disintegration, and final decomposition, of the edges of the meridional bands of granite, gneiss, porphyry, schists, and quartz, that produce the great auriferous deposits of South and North America, Australia, Africa, India, and Siberia, as illustrated in the accompanying sections, to which I beg reference for explanatory details. These superficial disintegrating actions of the auriferous crystalline rocks are confined to no age, nor any given period in the history of the sedimentary rocks; on the contrary, they are incessantly going on, and only varying in their amount and intensity according to local physical conditions. The richest variety of the auriferous rocks retain their normal meridional structure, as seen in the Brazils, New Granada, California, Siberia, India, Africa, Australia, (see Sections.) As these primary crystalline series of rocks are universal, and are seen in every part of the world, when not covered by sedimentary rocks, it follows as a natural consequence that gold is also detected in variable quantities in all primary districts, but the larger accumulations or superficial productions of gold are only found in the ferruginous talcose schists, &c., where the meridional cleavage is well developed, as shown in the sections of the Andes, California, and Australia, to which I beg particular reference. Therefore, to predict the existence of gold in any given region or district in quantities worthy of commercial consideration, it becomes necessary to ascertain the following conditions:—1st, The primary series uncovered by sedimentary rocks, and subject to disintegration and decomposition; 2ndly, That they exhibit more or less their normal, vertical, and meridional structure; 3rdly, That the crystalline bands predominate in ferruginous argillaceous schists, with talcose and quartzose bands, as shown in the accompanying sections. Some of the old and altered sedimentary rocks in contact with the primary base, and intersected by quartz veins impregnated with pyrites, from the schists below, are sometimes slightly impregnated with gold; but such instances are extremely rare, and the quantity of gold thus obtained is insignificant. The gold quartz veins enclosed in the primary state (described in the Australian section) are only impregnated with available gold near the surface, and are never found sufficiently productive to pay for working many fathoms in depth. The only auriferous veins worthy of notice, and which are found to pay the cost of the ordinary operations of mining to great depths, are the auriferous pyrites, such as the monokelpo, in the primary clay state of the Brazils, and marmato, in the auriferous porphyry in New Granada. The great productions of gold for the use of the world are obtained from the superficial deposits already noticed. The reason why it is generally supposed that quartz is the matrix which produces the gold, is because the precious metal, after precipitation, adheres more strongly to quartz than the other auriferous rocks. Although the quartzose bands produce occasionally large masses of gold, yet the quantity bears but a very small proportion to that which is obtained from the ferruginous and talcose slates. The richest auriferous bands are so subject, on being exposed to the air or moisture, to rapid decomposition, as to render it

almost impossible to preserve the specimens. Hence the cause why the gold is found so free from the matrix *in situ*. What are called deep sinkings in the auriferous districts, must not be considered as sinking into the hard rock blow, but simply sinking through the ferruginous consolidated gravel down to the edges of the primary series, where the greatest amount of metal is always found. See sections. The ordinary gold fields only require water and manual labour to extract the metal; and, generally speaking, such gold deposits, if covered with multitudes of diggers, soon become exhausted, leaving behind them but a barren waste and a scene of desolation, such as many of the old gold fields of Australia already present. The colony of Victoria, in 1852, with about 60,000 diggers, produced from two of the principal gold fields for that year equal in value to 14,000,000*l.*; 1853, with about 80,000 diggers and about six gold fields, 11,500,000*l.*; 1854, with about 100,000 diggers and sixteen gold fields, about 8,300,000*l.*; and this year (1855), with upwards of 100,000 diggers, and more than twenty gold fields in different parts of the colony, I estimate the product, in round numbers, about 7,000,000*l.*; and this obtained by applying machinery to rewash the refuse of the old gold fields; and I expect that by means of more liberal terms and improved mode of washing, the present produce of Victoria will not fall below 6,000,000*l.* for some years.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Dec. 3rd.—John Curtis, Esq., President, in the chair. Mr. Stevens exhibited some *Lepidoptera*, chiefly Bombyces, sent from Natal, by Mr. Plant, accompanied by drawings of their larvæ, and read some notes, by Mr. Plant, on the *Passida* of that country. Mr. E. Shepherd exhibited a pair of *Trochilium scoliiformis*, a species new to Britain, taken by Mr. J. S. Ashworth near Llangollen, North Wales. The President exhibited a drawing of a beautiful variety of *Vanesa urtica*, taken near Hampstead, and of a larva, apparently that of a *Delilephila*, found some years since near Barham, and which unfortunately died in the pupa state; he also exhibited a drawing of the original specimen of *Apion Curtissii*. Notes on the genus *Conops*, by the President, and on *Endromis versicolor*, by Mr. Newman, were read by the Secretary. Papers were read by Mr. Newman, 'On the Functions of the Antennæ of Insects'; 'On a Species of Indian *Thrips*, received from Major Hamilton'; and 'On some New Species of Australian *Microlepidoptera*.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Statistical, 8 p.m.—(On the Nature and Extent of the Benefits conferred by Hospitals on the Working Classes and the Poor. By W. A. Guy, M.B., Physician to King's College Hospital.)
—British Architects, 8 p.m.
—Chemical, 8 p.m.
—Royal Academy, 8 p.m.—(Professor Partridge on Anatomy.)
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 p.m.
—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Annual General Meeting, Ballot for Council.)
—Architectural Exhibition.—(Opening, 11 p.m. Conversation, 8 p.m.)
—Pathological, 8 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—(Mr. J. Kemfon Blackwell on the present Position of the Iron Industry of Great Britain with Reference to that of other Countries.)
—Geological, 8 p.m.—(1. On some of the Geological Features of the Country between the South-Down and the Sea. By P. J. Martin, Esq., F.G.S. 2. On the Remains of the Musk Ox (*Bubalus Moschatus*) from the Gravel near Maidenhead, Berks. By Prof. Owen, F.G.S.)
—London Institution, 7 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.
—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Philological, 8 p.m.
—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—*Special.*—(Renewed Discussion on Mr. Bailey Denton's paper on the Under-drainage of Land in Great Britain.)
Saturday.—Medical, 8 p.m.

VARIETIES.

Tiptree Hall Farm.—Among the numerous novelties which the enterprise of Mr. Pepper has lately added to the already extensive catalogue of attractions at the Polytechnic Institution is a large and very perfect model of Tiptree Hall Farm, the scene of Mr. Mechi's well-known experiments in scientific agriculture. The size of this model is such as to enable the system of housing and feeding cattle which Mr. Mechi has pursued with so much success to be understood at a glance, and to facilitate the examination, the modellist (Mr. Merrett) has made the roofs of the buildings removable. Everything, therefore, is plainly seen—the steam-engine, the cattle-sheds, the piggeries, the corn-stacks, and all the accessories of the farm-yard. One great feature of Mr. Mechi's plan, in connexion with the feeding of stock, is the substitution of open boards for straw, whereby the sheds are kept clean and dry, and the liquid manure flows into tanks, from thence to be distributed over the fields. Country cousins coming up to the Smithfield cattle-show should not neglect the opportunity thus afforded them of examining the details of a system which has been the subject of so much discussion, and the soundness of which has been demonstrated by the results.

Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition.—Messrs. Childs and Peterson of Philadelphia have concluded a contract with Dr. Kane for the publication of his personal narrative of the recent Arctic expedition. It will include a variety of scientific papers, and be illustrated with maps and several hundred engravings, from Daguerreotypes of Arctic scenery, taken on the spot, and also from original sketches made by the author. The work will comprise two large octavo volumes. The manuscript is in a very forward state, the greatest portion having been prepared while hemmed in by the ice, and during the voyage home. The subjects for the engravings will first be painted by an eminent artist of this city.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.—The French Abbé Raynal, in his 'History of the British Settlements in America,' recounted a remarkable story which implied the existence of a particular law in New England. Some Americans being in company with the Abbé at Paris, questioned the truth of the story, alleging that no such law had ever existed in New England. The Abbé maintained the authority of his history, till he was interrupted by Dr. Franklin, who was present, and after listening for some time in silence to the dispute, said:—"I can account for all this. You took the anecdote from a newspaper of which I was at that time editor; and happening to be very short of news, I composed and inserted the whole story."—*American Literary Gazette*.

NEW ZEALAND: its Present Condition,

Prospects, and Resources; being a Description of the Country, and General Mode of Life among New Zealand Colonists, for the information of intending Emigrants. By EDWARD BROWN FILTON, a Landowner and late Resident in the Colony. Will be published on Monday next, price 4s.

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"It is indeed a triumph of energy, enterprise, and combined talents of many orders, to which, upon reflection, every one will be ready to assign the merit it deserves."—*MORNING ADVERTISER*, Nov. 12, 1855.

"There has been competition, but it has passed away: for it has been too carefully and sedulously edited, too prompt in its intelligence, too simple in its plan, and too judicious in its classifications, to admit of successful rivalry."—*MORNING HERALD*, Nov. 12, 1855.

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"This annual wonder has just appeared, and, on the present occasion, it has appeared without a rival, having in this year driven every competitor from the field. Even they who, like ourselves, dislike monopoly, acknowledge the justice of monopoly fairly won by decided excellence."—*STANDARD*, Nov. 16, 1855.

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At a MEETING of GOVERNORS held in Craven Street, on WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of December, 1855, the cases of 31 Petitioners were considered, of which 20 were approved, 9 rejected, 1 inadmissible, and 1 deferred for inquiry.

Since the Meeting held on the 7th of November, TWELVE DEBTORS, of whom 11 had Wives and 25 Children, have been discharged from the Prisons of England and Wales: the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was £225 3s. 7d., and the following

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